WILLOBIE HIS AVISA OR

The true Picture of a modeſt Maide, and of a chaſt and conſtant wife.

Whereunto is added An Apologie, ſhewing the true meaning of Willobie his Auiſa: With the victorie of Engliſh Chaſtitie, neuer before publiſhed.

The fourth time corrected and Augmented.

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To all the conſtant Ladies & Gen-

tlewomen of England that feare God.

Ardon me (ſweete Ladies,) if at this preſent, I depriue you of a iuſt Apology in defence of your conſtant Chaſtities, deſerued of many of you, and long ſithence promiſed by my ſelfe, to ſome of you: and pardon mee the ſooner, for that I haue long expected that the ſame ſhould haue beene perfourmed by ſome of your ſelues, which I know are well able, if you were but ſo wellwilling to write in your owne praiſe, as many men in theſe dayes (whoſe tounges are tipt with poyſon) are too ready and ouer willing, to ſpeake and write to your diſgrace. This occaſion had bene moſt fit, (publiſhing now the praiſe of a conſtant wife) if I had bene but almoſt ready. But the future time may agayne reueale as fit a meanes heereafter for the perfourmance of the ſame: if ſo it ſeeme good to him that moderateth all. Concerning this booke which I haue preſumed to dedicate to the ſafe protection of your accuſtomed courteſies; if yee aſke me for the perſons: I am altogether ignorant of them, and haue ſet them downe onely as I finde them named or diſciphered in my author. For the trueth of

his action, if you enquire, I will more fully deliuer my opinion hereafter. Touching the ſubſtance of the matter it ſelfe, I thinke verily that the nature, woordes, geſtures, promiſes, and very quinteſſence, as it were, is there liuely deſcribed, of ſuch lewd chapmen as vſe to entiſe ſilly maides, and aſſayle the Chaſtity of honeſt women. And no doubt but ſome of you, that haue beene tried in the like caſe, (if euer you were tryed,) ſhall in ſome one part or other acknowledge it to bee true. If mine Author haue found a Brytaine Lucretia, or an Engliſh Suſanna, enuy not at her prayſe (good Ladies) but rather endeuor to deſerue the like. There may be as much done for any of you, as he hath done for his AVISA. Whatſoeuer is in me, I haue vowed it wholy, to the exalting of the glory of your ſweete ſex, as time, occaſion and ability ſhall permit. In the meane time I reſt yours in all dutyfull affection, and commend you all to his protection, vnder whoſe mercy we enioy all.

Your moſt affectionate,
Hadrian Dorrell.

To the gentle & courteous Reader.

IT is not long ſithence (gentle Reader) that my very good frend and chamber fellow M. Henry Willobie, a yong man, and a ſcholler of very good hope, being deſirous to ſee the faſhions of other countries for a time, departed voluntarily to her Maieſties ſeruice. Who at his departure, choſe me amongſt the reſt of his frendes, vnto whome he repoſed ſo much truſt, that he deliuered me the key of his ſtudy, and the vſe of all his bookes till his returne. Amongeſt which (peruſing them at leyſure,) I found many prety & witty conceites, as I ſuppoſe of his owne dooing. One among the reſt I fancied ſo much, that I haue ventered ſo farre vpon his frendſhip, as to publiſh it without his conſent. As I thinke it not neceſſary, to be ouer curious in an other mans labour, ſo yet ſomething I muſt ſay for the better vnderſtanding of the whole matter. And therefore, firſt for the thing it ſelfe, whether it be altogether fayned, or in ſome part true, or altogether true; and yet in moſt part Poetically ſhadowed, you muſt giue me leaue to ſpeake by coniecture, and not by knowledge. My coniecture is doubtfull, and therfore I make you the Iudges. Concerning the name of AVISA, I thinke it to be a fained name, like vnto Ouids Corinna; and there are two cauſes that make mee thus to thinke. Firſt, for that I neuer heard of any of that name that I remember; and next for that

in a voide paper rolled vp in this boke, I found this very name AVISA, *written in great letters a prety diſtance aſunder, & vnder euery letter a word beginning with the ſame letter, in this forme.*

A. V. I. S. A.

Amans. vxor. inuiolata. ſemper. amanda.

That is in effect. A louing wife, that neuer violated her faith, is alwaies to be beloued. *Which makes me coniecture that he minding for his recreation to ſet out the Idea of a conſtant wife, (rather deſcribing what good wiues ſhould doe then regiſtring what any hath done) deuiſed a womans name, that might fitly expreſſe this womans nature whom he would aime at: deſirous in this (as I coniecture) to imitate a far off, ether* Plato *in his Common wealth, or* More *in his Vtopia. This my ſurmiſe of his meaning, is confirmed alſo by the ſight of other odd papers that I found, wherein he had, as I take it, out of* Cornelius Agrippa, *drawen the ſeuerall diſpoſitions of the Italian, the Spanyard, the French man, the German, and the Engliſh man, and how they are affected in loue. The Italian diſſembling his loue, aſſaileth the woman beloued, with certaine prepared wantonneſſe: hee praiſeth her in written verſes, and extolleth her to the Heauens.*

The Spanyard is vnpatient in burning loue, very mad with troubled laſciuiouſneſſe, hee runneth furiouſly, and with pittyfull complaintes, bewailing his feruent deſire, doth call vpon his Lady, and worſhippeth her, but hauing obtained his purpoſe maketh her common to all men.

The French man endeuoreth to ſerue, he ſeeketh to pleaſure his woman with ſonges, and diſports &c.

The Germane & Engliſhman being nigher of nature, are inflamed by little and little, but being enamored, they inſtantly require with arte, and entice with giftes &c. Which ſeue-

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rall qualities are generally expressed by this Author in the two first trials or assaults made by the noblemen, and the lusti Caualieros, Captaines or Cutters, &c. Signifying by this generalitie, that our noblemen, gentlemen, Captaines, and lusty youthes haue of late learned the fashions of all these countries how to solicite their causes, and court their Ladies & louers, & this continueth from the second Canto, to the ende of the two and twentieth.

After this hee comes to describe these natures againe in particular examples more plainely, and beginneth first with the Frenchman vnder the shadow of these letters, D. B. from the three and twentieth Canto vnto the end of the three and thirtieth. Secondly, the Englishman or Germane, vnder these Letters D.H. from the 34 Canto vnto the ende of the fortie three. Lastly, the Spaniard and Italian who more furiously inuadeth his loue, & more pathetically indureth then all the rest, from the forty foure Canto to the end of the booke. It seemes that in this last example the author names himself, and so describeth his owne loue, who that was I know not, & I will not be curious.

All these are so rightly described according to their nature that it may seem the Author rather meant to shew what suits might be made, and how they may bee answered, then that there hath beene any such thing indeed.

These thinges of the one side leade me to thinke it altogether a fained matter, both for the names and the substance, and a plaine morall plot, secretly to insinuate, how honest maides & women in such temptations should stand vpō their guard, considering the glorie & prayse that commends a spotlesse life, & the blacke ignominy & foule contempt that waiteth vpon a wicked and dissolute behauiour.

Yet of the other side, when I do more deepely consider of it

and

& more narrowly weigh euery particular part, I am driuē to thinke that there is ſomething of truth hidden vnder this ſhadow. The reaſons that moue me are theſe. Firſt in the ſame paper where I found the name of Auiſa *written in great letters, as I ſaid before, I found this alſo written with the Authors owne hand, videlicet,* Yet I would not haue Auiſa to be thought a publike fiction, nor a truthleſſe inuention, for it may be, that I haue at leaſt heard of one in the weſt of England, in whome the ſubſtance of all this hath beene verified, and in many things the verie words ſpecified: which hath indured theſe & many more, and many greater aſſaults, yet, as here, ſhe ſtands vnſpotted, and vn conquered.

Againe, if we marke the exact deſcription of her birth, her country, the place of her abode, and ſuch other circumſtances, but eſpecially the matter and manner of their talkes and conferences, me thinks it a matter almoſt impoſsible that any man could inuent all this without ſome ground or foundation to build on.

This inforceth me to coniecture, that though the matter be handled poetically, yet there is ſomething vnder theſe fayned names and ſhow, that haue beene done truely. Now iudge you, for I can giue no ſentence in that I know not, if there bee any ſuch conſtant wife, (as I doubt not but there maybe) I wiſh that there were more would ſpring from her aſhes, and that all were ſuch. Whether my author knew, or heard of any ſuch I cannot tell, but of mine owne knowledge, I dare to ſweare that I know one A.D. *that eyther hath or would, if occaſion were ſo offered, indure theſe, and many greater temptations with a conſtant mind and ſetled heart. And therefore here I muſt worthily reprehend the enuious rage both of heathen Poets, and of ſome Chriſtian & Engliſh writers, which*

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so farre debase the credit and strength of the whole sexe, that they feare not with lying tongs wickedly to publish, that there are none at all that can continue constant, if they bee tryed. Hereof sprang these false accusing speeches of the olde Poets.

Ludunt formosæ, casta est, quam nemo rogauit.

Faire wenches loue to play.
And they are onely chast whome no man doth assay.

And againe,

Rara avis in terris, nigroque similima cigno,
Fœmina casta volat.

A rare seene bird that neuer flies, on earth ne yet in ayre,
Like blackish swan a woman chast, if she be yong and faire.

This false opinion bredde those foule mouthed speeches of Fryer Mantuan, *that vpraides al women with fleeting vnconstancie. This made* Ariosto *& others to inuent, and publish so many lewd and vntrue toles of womens vnfaithfulnes. And this is the cause that in this booke ye shall so often find it obiected against* AVISA *by all her sutors, that no woman of what degree soeuer cã be constant if she be much requested, but that the best will yeeld. But the best is, this common and course conceit is receiued but onely among common, lewd, & careles men, who being wicked themselues, giue sentence of all others, according to the loose and lawlesse humours wherewithall they feele their owne straying and wandring affectiõs to be infected, For they forsooth, because in diuers and sundrie places (as they often wickedly boast) they may for an Angell, and a great deale lesse, haue hyred nags to ride at their pleasure, such as make a sinnefull gaine of a filthie carkas, because in other countries, where stewes and brothell houses are winckt at, they see oftentimes, the fayrest and not the meanest flocke to the fellowship of such filthie freedomee, think presently that it is but a money matter, or a little entreaty, to ouer-*

throw the chastitie of any woman whatsoeuer. But if al wome̅ were in deede such as the woman figured vnder the name of Auisa either is, or at least is supposed to bee, they should quickly restore againe their ancient credite, and glory, which a few wicked wantons haue thus generally obscured. In the twentie and seuen Canto, I finde how D.B. perswadeth with A. that it is a little sin or no fault, to loue a friend besides her husband. Whereupon enquiring more of the matter, I haue heard some of the occupation verifie it for a truth: That among the best sort, they are accounted very honest women in some cities now, that loue but one friend besides their husbād and that it is thought amongst them a thing almost lawful. If this be true, (as I hardly thinke it to bee true, because wicked men feare not to report any vntruths) but if it be true, I fear least the ripenesse of our sinne crie to the Lorde for vengeance against vs, that tremble not at the remembrance of Gods iudgements, that hath bound a heauie curse & woe vpon the backe and conscience of them, That speake good of euill, and euill of good, that is such as are growne to that point, that they are no longer ashamed of their sinne, nor care for anie honestie, but are become wilfully desperate in their performance of all kinde of impiety.

But I leaue this to the godly preachers to dilate more amplie. And to returne to my purpose, although I must confesse that of all sortes of people, there haue beene, & wil be stil some loosely and lewdly giuen, yet this can bee no excuse to lauish tongues, to condemne all generally. For I dare to venture my hand, and my head vpon this point, that, let the foure morall vertues be in order set downe, { prudence, For itude, Temperance Iustice. } and let the holy scriptures searched from the beginning to the ende, and

let

let all the ancient histories both ecclesiasticall & prophane be thorowlie examined, and there will be found women enough, that in the performance of all these vertues, haue matched, if not ouermatched men of euery age; which I dare my selfe, verifie in their behalfs vpon the venter and losing of my credite if I had time and leysure. Among infinite numbers to giue you a taste of one or two, for wisedome and iustice, what say you to Placilla, *wife to the Emperour* Theodosius? *She was wont euery day in her owne person to visite the sicke, the poore and the maymed: And if at any time she saw the Emperour declining from iustice to any hard course, she would bid him,* Remember himselfe, from whence hee came, and what he was, in what state he had beene, and in what state he was now, which if he would do, he should neuer wax proud nor cruell, but rather humble, merciful and iust. Theodoret eccles. hist. lib. 5 cap. 27.

For temperance, how say you to the wife of one Pelagius, *of* Laodicea, *which being young her selfe, and maried to a yong and lustie man, was yet notwithstanding contented willingly to forbeare carnall pleasure during her whole life. I bring not this womans example for any liking I haue to her fact, being lawfully married, but rather against the curious carpers at womens strength, that proue that some women haue done that, which few can do.* Theodor. eccl hist. lib. 4. c. 10.

For *Fortitude and temperance both I find that in* Antioch, *there was a noble woman with her two daughters, rather then they would be defloured, cast themselues all willingly into a great riuer, and so drowned themselues.* Eusebius lib. 8. cap. 24.

And also that in Rome *there was a Senators wife, who when she heard that there were messengers sent from* Maxentius *the tyrant, to bring her vnto him, perforce to bee rauished of him, and seeing that her husband was not of ability* Cap. 27. Look for Blandina in Eusebius a rare example of constancie and fortitude,

and power to defend her, she vsed this policie, Shee requested that they would giue her leaue to put on some better apparel, and to attire her selfe more decently, which being graunted, and she goten into a chamber by her selfe, she tooke a sword & pierced her selfe to the heart, rather then she would be counted the Emperours whore.

By this may be seene what may be said in this argument, but leauing this to some other time, or to some other better able, I returne to my author.

For the persons and matter, you haue heard my coniecture now for the manner of the composition, disposition, inuention and order of the verse, I must leaue euerie mans sense to himself, for that which pleaseth me, may not fancie others. But to speake my iudgement, the inuention, the argument, and the disposition, is not common, nor, (that I know) euer handled of any man before in this order. For the composition and order of the verse, although hee flie not aloft with the winges of Astrophel, nor dare to compare with the Arcadian sheepheard, or any way match with the daintie Faierie Queene, yet shall you find his wordes and phrases neither triuiall, nor absurd, but all the whole worke, for the verse pleasant, without hardnes, smooth without any roughnes, sweete without tediousnes, easie to bee vnderstood, without harsh absurditie: yeelding a gratious harmony euery where, to the delight of the Reader.

I haue christned it by the name of Willoby his Auisa, because I suppose it was his doing, being written with his owne hand. How he will like my boldenesse, both in the publishing and naming of it I know not, For the encouraging and helping of maids & wiues to hold an honest and constant course against all vnhonest and lewde temptations, I haue done that I haue done, I haue not added nor detracted any thing

from

from the worke it ſelfe, but haue let it paſſe without altering any thing, onely in the end I haue added to fill vp ſome voyd paper, certain fragments and ditties, as a reſolution of a chaſt and conſtant wife, to the tune of Fortune, & the prayſe of a contented mind, which I foũd wrapped altogether with this, and therefore knew not whether it did any way belong vnto this or not.

Thus leauing to trouble your patience with farther delaies I commit you to the good gouernment of Gods ſpirit. From my chamber in Oxford this firſt of October.

Hadrian Dorrell.

Abell Emet in commendation of Willobies Auisa.

TO Willobie *you worthy dames, yeeld worthy prayse;*
Whose siluer pipe so sweetly sounds your strange delayes.
Whose lostie stile with golden wings remounts your fame
The glory of your princely sexe, the spotles name,
O happie wench, who so she be, if any be,
That thus deseru'd thust o be praisde by Willobie,
Shall I beleeue, I must beleeue, such one there is,
Well hast thou said, long maist thou say, such one there is,
If one there be, I can beleeue, there be no more:
This wicked age, this sinfull time breedes no such store:
Such siluer mines such golden mines who could refuse,
Such offers made and not receiude, I greatly muse,
Such deepe deceit in friendly shewes, such tempting fits,
To still withstand, do passe the reach of womans wits:
You countrie maids, ye Pean *nimphes reioyce and sing*
To see from you a chast a new Diana *spring:*
At whose report you must not fret you may not frowne,
But rather striue by due desert for like reuowne,
Her constant faith in hot assay hath wonne the game,
Whose prayse shall liue, when she is dead with lasting fame
If my conceite from strangers mouth may credite get,
A brauer Theame more sweetely pend, was neuer yet.

Abell Emet

In prayse of Willoby *his* Auisa, *Hexa-*metron to the Author.

IN Lauine *land though* Liuie *boast,*
There hath beene seene a Constant *Dame:*
Though Rome *lament that she haue lost*
The Garland *of her rarest fame,*
Yet now ye see that here is found,
As great a Faith *in* English *ground.*

Though Collatine *haue dearly bought,*
To high renowne a lasting life,
And found, that most in vaine haue sought,
To haue a Faire *and* Constant *wife,*
Yet Tarquine *pluckt his glistring grape,*
And Shake-speare *paintes poor* Lucrece *rape.*

Though Susan *shine in faithfull prayse,*
As twinckling starres in Cryst all skie:
Penelop's *fame though* Greekes *do raise,*
Of faithfull wiues to make vp three:
To thinke the Truth, *and say no lesse,*
Our Auisa *shall make a messe.*

This number knits so sure a knot,
Time *doubts that he shall adde no more,*
Vnconstant Nature, *hath begot,*
Of Fleeting Feemes, *such fickle store,*
Two thousand yeares haue scarcely seene,
Such as the worst of these haue beene.

Then

Then Aui-Sniſan *ioyne in one,*
Let Lucres Auis *be thy name.*
This Engliſh Eagle *ſoares alone,*
And far ſurmounts all others fame,
Where high or low, where great or ſmall,
This Brytan Bird *out flies them all.*

Were theſe three happie, that haue found,
Braue Poets *to depaint their praiſe?*
Of Rurall Pipe, with ſweeteſt ſound,
That haue beene heard theſe many dayes
Sweet Willobie *his* Auis *bleſt,*
That makes her mount aboue the reſt.

Contraria Contrariis

Vigilantius Dormitanus.

WILLOBIE HIS AVISA,

OR

The true picture of a modeſt Maide,

and of a chaſte and conſtant

Wife.

CANT. I.

LEt Martiall men
of Mars his prayſe;
Sound warlike trumpe:
let luſt-led youth,
Of wicked loue
write wanton layes:
Let ſhepheards ſing
their ſheep-coats ruth:
The wiſer ſort
confeſſe it playne,
That theſe haue ſpent good time in vaine.

My ſleepy Muſe that wakes but now,
Nor now had wak't, if one had ſlept,
To vertues prayſe hath paſt her vow,
To paint the Roſe which grace hath kept:
Of ſweeteſt Roſe, that ſtill doth ſpring,
Of vertues bird my Muſe muſt ſing,

The Bird that doth reſemble right,
The Turtles faith in conſtant loue,
The faith that firſt her promiſe plight,
No change nor chance could once remoue
This haue I tride, this dare I truſt,
And ſing the truth, I will, I muſt.

Afflicted *Suſans* ſpotleſſe thought,
Intiſte by luſt to ſinfull crime,
To laſting fame her name hath brought,
Whoſe prayſe incounters endleſſe time:
I ſing of one whoſe beauties warre,
For trials paſſe *Suſanna's* farre.

The wandring Greekes renowned mate,
That ſtill withſtood ſuch hote aſſayes,
Of raging luſt, whoſe doubtfull ſtate,
Sought ſtrong refuge from ſtrange delayes:
For fierce aſſaults and trials rare,
With this my Nimph may not compare

Hote trials trye where Gold be pure,
The Diamond dauntes the ſharpeſt edge,
Light chaffe fierce flames may not endure,
All quickly leape the lowly hedge:
The obiect of my Muſe hath paſt,
Both force and flame, yet ſtands ſhe faſt.

Though Egle-eyde this bird appeare,
Not bluſht at beames of Phœbus rayes:
Though Faulcon wing'd to pierce the ayre
Whoſe high plaſt hart no feare diſmayes:
Yet ſprang ſhe not from Eagles neſt,
But turtle-bred, loues Turtle beſt.

At Weſterne ſide of *Albions* Ile,
Where *Auſtine* pitcht his Monkiſh tent,
Where ſhepheards ſing, where Muſes ſmile,
The graces met with one conſent,
To frame each one in ſundrie part,
Some cunning worke to ſhew their Arte.

Firſt *Venus* fram'd a luring eye,
A ſweet aſpect in comely grace;
There did the Roſe and Lillie lye,
That brauely deckt a ſmiling face:
Here *Cupids* mother bent her will,
In this to ſhew her vtmoſt skill.

Then *Pallas* gaue a reaching head,
With deepe conceites and paſsing wit,
A ſetled minde, not fancy-led,
Abhorring *Cupids* frantique wit,
With modeſt lookes, and bluſhing cheeks,
A filed tongue, which none miſlikes.

Diana deckt the remnant parts,
With feature braue, that nothing lacke,
A quiuer full of piercing dartes,
She gaue her hanging at her backe;
And in her hand a golden ſhaft,
To conquer *Cupids* creeping craft.

This done they come to take the view,
Of nouell workes, of peereleſſe frame;
Amongſt them three contention grew,
But yet *Diana* gaue the name:
Auiſa ſhall ſhe called be,
The chiefe attendant ſtill on me.

When *Iuno* viewd her luring grace,
Olde *Iuno* blusht to see a new,
She fear'd least *Ioue* would like this face,
And so perhaps might play vntrue:
They all admir'd so sweet a sight,
They all enuide so rare a wight.

When *Iuno* came to giue her wealth,
(Which wanting beautie, wants her life)
She cride, this face needs not my pelfe,
Great riches sow the seeds of strife:
I doubt not, some Olympian power,
Will fill her lap with Golden-shower.

Beautie without riches, is as a faire picture without life.

Iealosy breedes enuy: both together breede frenzie, yet neither of them both can preuaile against wandring facy.

This iealous *Iuno* faintly said,
As halfe misdeeming wanton *Ioue*,
But chaste *Diana* tooke the maide,
Such new-bred qualmes quite to remoue:
O iealous enuy filthy beast,
For enuie, *Iuno* gaue her least.

In lieu of *Iunoes* Golden part,
Diana gaue her double grace,
A chaste desire, a constant hart,
Disdayne of loue in fawning face:
A face and eye, that should intice,
A smile, that should deceiue the wise.

A sober tongue that should allure,
And draw great numbers to the field,
A flintie heart, that should endure
All fierce assaults, and neuer yeeld:
And seeming oft as though she would;
Yet fardest off when that she should.

Can

Can filthy ſinke yeeld holeſome ayre,
Or vertue from a vice proceede?
Can enuious hart, or iealous feare,
Repell the things that are decreed?
By enuy though ſhe loſt her thrift,
She got by grace a better gift.

Not farre from thence there lyes a vale,
A roſie vale in pleaſant plaine;
The Nimphes frequent this happy dale,
Olde Helicon reuiues againe:
Here Muſes ſing, here Satyres play,
Here mirth reſounds both night and day

At Eaſt of this a Caſtle ſtands,
By auncient Shepheards built of olde,
And lately was in Shepheards hands;
Though now by brothers bought and ſold.
At Weſt ſide ſprings a Chriſtall well,
There doth this chaſte *Auiſa* dwell.

And there ſhe dwelles in publike eye,
Shut vp from none that liſt to ſee:
She anſweres all that liſt to trie,
Both high and low of each degree:
But few that come, but feele her dart,
And try her well ere they depart.

They tride her hard in hope to gaine,
Her milde behauiour bred their hope,
Their hope aſſures them to obtaine,
Till hauing runne their witleſſe ſcope,
They finde their vice by vertue croſt,
Their fooliſh workes their labour loſt.

This ſtrange effect, that all ſhould craue,
Yet none obtaine their wrong deſire,
A ſecret gift that nature gaue,
To feele the froſt amidſt the fire:
Blame not this *Dianaes* Nymph too much,
Sith God by nature made her ſuch.

Let all the graces now be glad,
That frain'd a grace, that paſt them all,
Let *Iuno* be no longer ſad;
Her wanton *Ioue* hath had a fall,
Ten yeares haue tride this conſtant dame,
And yet ſhe holdes a ſpotleſſe fame.

Along this plaine there lyes a downe,
Where ſhepheards feed their friſking flock,
Her Sire the Maior of the towne,
A Louely ſhout of auncient ſtocke:
Full twentie yeares ſhe liued a maid,
And neuer was by man betraid.

At length by *Iunoes* great requeſt,
Diana loth, yet gaue her leaue,
Of flowring yeares to ſpend the reſt
In wedlocke band; but yet receiue,
A good gift, Quod ſhe, this gift; Thou virgin pure,
Chaſte wife in wedlocke ſhalt endure.

O happy man that ſhall enioy,
A bleſsing of ſo rare a price;
That frees the hart from ſuch annoy,
As often doth torment the wiſe,
A louing wife vnto her death,
With full aſſurance of her faith,

When

When flying fame began to tell,
How beauties wonder was returnde,
From countrey hils in towne to dwell,
With ſpeciall giftes and grace adornde,
Of ſutors ſtore there might you ſee,
And ſome were men of high degree.

But wiſedome wild her chuſe her mate,
If that ſhe lou'd a happy life,
That might be equall to her ſtate,
To crop the ſprigs of future ſtrife:
Where rich in grace, where ſound in health,
Moſt men do wed, but for the wealth.

Though iealous *Iuno* had denide,
This happy wench great ſtore of pelfe:
Yet is ſhe now in wedlocke tide,
To one that loues her as himſelfe:
So thus they liue, and thus they loue,
And God doth bleſſe them from aboue.

This rare ſeene bird, this Phœnix ſage,
Yeelds matter to my drowſie pen,
The mirror of this ſinfull age,
That giues vs beaſts in ſhapes of men:
Such beaſtes as ſtill continue ſinne,
Where age doth leaue, there youths begin.

Our Engliſh ſoyle, to Sodoms ſinke,
Exceſsiue ſinne transformde of late,
Of foule deceit the lothſome linke,
Hath worne all faith cleane out of date:
The greateſt ſinnes mongſt greateſt ſort,
Are counted now but for a ſport.

Olde Aſaes grandame is reſtorde,
2. Chro. 15. 16 Her grouie Caues are new refinde:
The monſter Idoll is adorde
By luſtie dames of Macha's kind:
They may not let this worſhip fall,
Although they looſe their honours all.

Our Moab Cozbies caſt no feare,
To iet in view of euery eye,
Numb. 25. 6. Their gaineleſſe games they hold ſo deare,
They follow muſt although they dye.
For why? the ſword that Phineas wore,
Is broken now, and cuts no more.

My tender Muſe that neuer tride
Her ioynted wings, till preſent time,
At firſt the pereleſſe bird eſpide,
That mountes aloft, deuoid of crime:
Though high we ſoare, yet will I crie,
Where I her paſſage can deſcrye.

Her high conceites, her conſtant minde,
Her ſober talke, her ſtout denies,
Her chaſte aduice here ſhall you finde;
Her fierce aſſaults, her milde replies:
Her daily fight with great and ſmall,
Yet conſtant vertue conquers all.

The firſt that ſayes to plucke the Roſe,
That ſcarce appear'd without the bud,
With Gorgeous ſhewes of Golden gloſe,
To ſow the ſeedes that were not good:
Suppoſe it were ſome noble man,
That tride her thus, and thus began:

The

The firſt triall of AVISA, before ſhe was maried, by a Noble man: vnder which is re-preſented a warning to all young maids of euery degree, that they beware of the alluring intice-ments of great men.

CANT. II.

NOB.

NOw is it time,
if thou be wiſe,
Thou happy maid,
if thou canſt ſee,
Thy happieſt time,
take good aduiſe:
Good fortune laughes,
be rul'd by me:
Be rulde by me,
and here's my faith,
No gold ſhall want thee till thy death.

Thou knoweſt my power, thou ſeeſt my might,
Thou knoweſt I can maintaine thee well,
And helpe thy friends vnto their right;
Thou ſhalt with me for euer dwell,
My ſecret friend thou ſhalt remaine,
And all ſhall turne to thy great gaine.

Thou ſeeſt thy parents meane eſtate,
That barres the hope of greater chance,
And if thou proue not wiſe too late
Thou mayeſt thy ſelfe, and thine aduance:
Repulſe not fondly this good hap,
That now lies offred in thy lap.

Abandon feare that bars conſent,
Repell the ſhame that feares a blot,
Let wiſedome way, what faith is ment;
That all may prayſe thy happy lot;
Thinke not I ſeeke thy liues diſgrace,
For thou ſhalt haue a Ladies place.

Thou art the firſt my fancie choſe,
I know thy friendes will like it well:
This friendly fault to none diſcloſe,
And what thou thinkſt, bluſh not to tell,
Thou ſeeſt my loue, thou know'ſt my mind.
Now let me feele, what grace I find.

CANT. III.

AVISA

YOur honours place, your riper yeares,
Might better frame ſome grauer talkes:
Midſt ſunnie rayes this cloude appeares,
Sweet Roſes grow on prickly ſtalkes,
If I conceiue what you requeſt,
You aime at that I moſt deteſt.

My

My tender age that wants aduiſe,
And craues the aide of ſager guides,
Should rather learne for to be wiſe,
To ſtay my ſteps from ſlippery ſlides;
Then thus to ſucke, then thus to taſte,
The poiſ'ned ſap, that kils at laſt.

I wonder what your wiſedome ment,
Thus to aſſault a ſilly maide:
Some ſimple wench might chance conſent,
By falſe reſembling ſhewes betraid:
I haue by grace a natiue ſhield,
To lewde aſſaults that cannot yeeld.

I am too baſe to be your wife,
You chuſe me for your ſecret friend;
That is to leade a filthy life,
Whereon attendes a fearefull end:
Though I be poore I tell you plaine,
To be your whore, I flat diſdaine.

Your high eſtate, your ſiluer ſhrines,
Repleate with wind and filthy ſtinke;
Your glittering gifts, your golden mines:
May force ſome fooles perhaps to ſhrinke:
But I haue learnde that ſweeteſt baite,
Oft ſhrowds the hooke of moſt deceit.

What great good hap, what happie time,
Your proffer brings, yet yeelding maides,
Of former age, which thought to clime
To higheſt tops of earthly aides;
Come backe a while; and let them tell,
Where wicked liues haue ended well.

Shores wife, a Princes ſecret friend,
Faire *Roſomond*, a Kings delight:
Yet both haue found a gaſtly end,
And fortunes friends felt fortunes ſpight:
What greater ioyes could fancy frame,
Yet now we ſee their laſting ſhame.

If Princely pallace haue no power,
To ſhade the ſhame of ſecret ſinne:
If blacke reproach ſuch names deuour,
What gaine or glory can they win,
That tracing tracts of ſhameleſſe trade,
A hate of God and man are made?

This onely vertue muſt aduance,
My meane eſtate to ioyfull bliſſe:
For ſhe that ſwayes dame vertues launce,
Of happy ſtate can neuer miſſe:
But they that hope to gaine by vice,
Shall ſurely proue too late vnwiſe.

The roote of woe is fond deſire,
That neuer feeles her ſelfe content:
But wanton wing'd will needes aſpire,
To finde the thing ſhe may lament:
A courtly ſtate, a Ladies place,
My former life will quite deface.

Such ſtrange conceites may hap preuaile,
With ſuch as loue ſuch ſtrong deceites,
But I am taught ſuch qualmes to quaile,
And flee ſuch ſweet alluring baites:
The witleſſe Flye plaies with the flame,
Till ſhe be ſcorched with the ſame.

You long to know what grace you finde,
In me, perchance, more then you would,
Except you quickly change your mind,
I finde in you, lesse then I should,
Moue this no more, vse no reply,
Ile keepe mine honour till I dye.

CANT. IIII.

NOB.

ALas good soule, and will you so?
You will be chaste *Dianaes* mate,
Till time haue woue the web of woe,
Then to repent will be too late,
You shew your selfe so foole precise,
That I can hardly thinke you wise.

You sprang belike of noble stocke,
That stand so much vpon your fame,
You hope to stay vpon the stocke,
That will preserue a faultlesse name:
But while you hunt for needelesse prayse,
You loose the prime of sweetest dayes.

A merry time when countrey maides,
Shall stand (forsooth) vpon your gard,
And dare controll the courtiers deedes,
At honours gate that watch and ward:
When Milk-maids shal their pleasures fly,
And on their credits must rely.

Ah sillie wench take not a pride,
Though thou my raging fancie moue,
Thy betters farre, if they were tride,
Would faine accept my proffered loue;
T'was for thy good, if thou hadst wist,
For I may haue whome ere I list.

But here thy folly may appeare,
Art thou precisser then a Queene,
Queene *Ioane* of Naples did not feare,
To quite mens loue with loue againe,
And *Messalina* t'is no newes,
Was dayly seene to haunt the stewes.

And *Cleopatra* Prince of Nile,
With more then one was wont to play,
And yet she keepes her glorious stile,
And fame that neuer shall decay,
What need'st thou then to feare of shame
When Queens and Nobles vse the same?

CANT. v.

AVISA

NEedes must the sheepe strake all awrye,
Whose shephards wander frō their way
Needes must the sickly Patient dye,
Whose Doctor seekes his liues decay:
Needes must the people well be taught,
Whose chiefest leaders all are naught.

Such

Such lawleſſe guids Gods people found
When Moab maides allur'd their fall;
They ſought no ſalue to cure this wound
Till God commands, to hang them all;
For wicked life, a ſhamefull end
To wretched men, the Lord doth ſend.

Was earth conſumde, with wreakful waues,
Did Sodome burne and after ſinke?
What ſinne is that, which vengeance craues,
If wicked luſt no ſinne we thinke?
O blind conceits, O filthy breath,
That drawes vs headlong to our death.

If death be due to euery ſinne,
How can I then be too preciſe?
Where pleaſures end, if paine beginne,
What neede haue we, then to be wiſe:
They weaue indeed the web of woe,
That from the Lord doe yeeld to goe.

I well remember whence I came,
I hunt not for this worldly prayſe,
I long to keepe a blameleſſe fame,
And conſtant hart gainſt hard aſſayes,
If this be folly, want of skill,
I will remaine thus fooliſh ſtill.

The blindfolde rage of Heathen Queenes,
Or rather queanes that know not God:
Gods heauy iudgements tryed ſince,
And felt the waight of angrie rod:
God ſaue me from that Sodomes crie,
Whoſe deadly ſting ſhall neuer die.

For-

CANT. VI.

NOB.

FOrgiue me wench I did miſtake,
I little thought that you could preach:
All worldly ioyes you muſt forſake,
For ſo your great Diuines do teach,
But yet beware, be not too bold,
A yongling Saint, a Druell old.

Well wanton well, thou art but yong,
This is the errour of thy youth,
Thou ſhalt repent this faith ere long,
And ſee too late (perhaps) the truth:
And they that ſeeme ſo pure at firſt,
Are often found in proofe the worſt.

Thy youth and beautie will not laſt,
For ſicknes one, the other age
May captiue take, when both are paſt,
You may haue leaſure to be ſage,
The time will come, if theſe retire,
The worſt will ſcorne what I deſire.

Of chaſte renowne you ſeeke the prayſe,
You build your hope aboue the ayre;
When wonders laſt not twentie daies,
What neede you ruſticke rumors feare?
Eſteeme not wordes aboue thy wealth,
Which muſt procure thy credits health.

And

And yet in truth I cannot ſee,
From whence ſuch great diſcredit growes
To liue in ſpight of euery eye,
And ſwim in likes and braueſt ſhewes:
To take the choiſe of daintieſt meate,
And ſee thy betters ſtand and waite.

Theſe graue reſpects breed pleaſures bane
Thy youthly yeares for ioy do craue,
And fading credit hath his wane,
That now to thee doth ſhine ſo braue:
That ſmokie fame which likes thee beſt
The wiſeſt haue eſteemed leaſt.

CANT. VII.

AVISA.

VVEll now I ſee why Chriſt commēds
To louing mates the Serpents wit
That ſtops his eares, and ſo defends
His heart from luring ſoundes vnfit:
If you your madnes ſtill bewray,
Ile ſtop my eares, or go my way.

Vliſſes wiſe, yet darde not ſtay,
The ticing ſound of Syrens ſong,
What fancie then doth me betray,
That thinke my ſelfe ſo wiſe and ſtrong,
That dare to heare what you dare ſpeake
And hope for ſtrength, whē you be weak?

My wiſedome is the liuing Lord,
That giues me grace which nature wants,
That holdes my ſeate from wayes abhorde,
And in my hart good motions plants:
VVith him I dare to bide the field,
Striue while you will I cannot yeeld.

Fond fauour failes, the time will paſſe,
All earthly pleaſures haue their end,
VVe ſee not that which ſometime was,
Nor that which future times will ſend:
You ſay the truth, remember this,
And then confeſſe you ſtray amiſſe.

The ſhorter time, the greater care,
Are pleaſures vaine? the leſſe delight.
Are daungers nie? why then beware,
From baſe affections take your flight:
Thinke God a reckening will require,
And ſtriue to quaile this bad deſire.

To ſwimme in ſilkes and braue array,
Is that you thinke, which women loue?
That leades poore maides ſo oft aſtray,
That are not garded from aboue.
But this I know, that know not all,
Such wicked pride will haue a fall.

CANT. VIII.

NOB.

Alas

ALas the feare, alas the fall,
And what's the fall that you ſo feare?
To toſſe good fortunes golden ball,
And gaine the goale I price ſo deare:
I doubt leaſt theſe your needleſſe feares,
VVill barre good hap from witleſſe years.

Thy age experience wants I ſee,
And lacking triall art afraid,
Leaſt venturing farre to credite me,
Our ſecret dealings might be wrayde:
What then doth not my mightie name,
Suffice to ſhield thy fact from ſhame?

Who dares to ſtirre? who dares to ſpeake?
Who dares our dealings to reproue?
Though ſome ſuſpect, yet none will creake,
Or once controll thy worthy loue:
My might will ſtand for thy defence,
And quite thee cleare from great offence.

VVho ſees our face, knowes not our facts,
Though we our ſport in ſecret vſe,
Thy cheekes will not bewray thy acts,
But rather bluſhing make excuſe:
If thou wilt yeeld, here is my faith,
Ile keep it ſecret till thy death.

To ſeeme as chaſt, let that ſuffice,
Although in deed thou be not ſo,
Thus deale our women that are wiſe,
And let thy godly Doctors goe:
Still faine as though thou godly art,
It is enough, who knowes thy heart?

Let not the idle vulgar voyce,
Of fayned credit with thee so,
To force thee leaue this happy choise,
And flying pleasure liue in woe:
If thou refuse, assure thy mind,
The like of this shalt neuer find.

CANT. IX.

AVISA

Let that word stand, let that be true,
I did refuse and so doe stil:
God shield me from your cursed crew,
That thus are led by beastly will:
It grieues my heart that I doe find,
In noble bloud so base a mind.

On worldly feare you thinke I stand,
Or fame that may my shame resound,
No Sir, I feare his mightie hand,
That will both you and me confound:
His feare it is that makes me stay,
My wandring steps from wicked way.

Who dares, say you, our facts vn fold?
Euen he that mightie Kings can tame,
And he that Princes hath controld,
He dares prouide a mightie shame:
What sense haue you for to withstand,
His fierie plagues, and heauie hand?

Though

Though *Samson* queld the Lions rage,
Though *Salamon*, a mightie King,
Yet when to sinne their heartes they g age
On both confusion God doth bring:
How can you then his wrath auoide
That you and yours be not destroide?

He sees our facts, he viewes our deeds,
Although we sin in secret place,
A guiltie conscience alwaies bleeds,
My faults will shew vpon my face,
My cheekes will blush when I do sinne
Let all men know, when I begin.

To seeme as chast, and not to be,
To beare a shew, and yet to faine,
Is this the loue, you beare to me,
To damme my soule in lasting paine?
If this the best you haue to say,
Pray giue me leaue to go my way.

CANT. X.

NOB.

VVEll then I see you haue decreed,
And this decree must light on me:
Vnhappie Lillie loues a weede,
That giues no sent that yeelds not glee:
Thou art the first I euer tride,
Shall I at first be thus denide?

My hapleſſe hap fel much awry,
To fixe my fancies prime delight
In haggard Hauke that mounts ſo hie,
That checks the lure and fawkners ſight
But ſo are you hie, or flie you low
Stoup needs you muſt, before you goe.

Your modeſt ſpeech is not amiſſe,
Your maidens bluſh becomes you well,
Now will I ſee how ſweet you kiſſe,
And ſo my purpoſe farder tell,
Your coy lookes and trickes are vaine
I will no nay, and that is plaine.

Thou muſt perforce be well content,
To let me winne thee with thy will:
Thy chiefeſt frends haue giu'n conſent,
And therefore thinke it is not ill:
Abandon all thy fond delay;
And marke this well, that I ſhall ſay.

My houſe, my heart, my land, my life,
My credit to thy care I giue:
And if thou liſt to be a wife,
In ſhew of honeſt fame to liue:
Ile fit thee one ſhall beare thy cloke,
And be a chimnie for the ſmoke.

But ſay the word it ſhall be done,
And what thou liſt or what thou craue,
what ſo be loſt: what euer wonne,
Shall nothing want, that thou wilt haue
Thou ſhalt haue all, what wilt thou more
VVhich neuer woman had before.

Here's

Here's fortie Angels to begin,
A little pledge of great good will,
To buy thee lace, to buy a pin,
I will be carefull of thee ſtill:
If youth be quaild, if I be olde,
I can ſupply that with with my golde.

Silke gownes and veluet ſhalt thou haue,
VVith hoods and caules, fit for thy head,
Of Goldſmithes worke a border braue,
A chaine of gold ten double ſpread:
And all the reſt ſhall anſwere this,
My purſe ſhall ſee that nothing miſſe.

Two waiting maides attendant ſtill,
Two ſeruing men, foure geldings preſt,
Goe where you liſt, ride where you will,
No iealous thought ſhall me moleſt:
Two hundreth pounds I do entend,
To giue thee yearely for to ſpend.

Of this I will aſſurance make,
To ſome good friend whom thou wilt chuſe
That this in truſt from me ſhall take,
While thou doeſt liue, vnto thy vſe:
A thouſand markes to thee I giue,
And all my iewels when I die.

This will I doe what euer chance,
Ile ſhortly ſend and fetch thee hence,
Thy chiefeſt friends I will aduance,
And leaue them cauſe of no offence:
For all this ſame, I onely craue,
But thy good will, that let me haue.

A modeſt maide is loth to ſay,
In open words ſhe doth conſent,
Till gentle force do breake the ſtay,
Come on mine owne, and be content:
Poſſeſſe me of my loues deſire,
And let me taſte that I require.

CANT. XI.

AVISA

HAnd off my Lord, this will not ſerue
Your wiſdome wanders much awry,
From reaſons rule thus farre to ſwerue,
Ile neuer yeeld, Ile rather die,
Except you leaue, and ſo depart,
This knife ſhall ſticke within your hart.

Is this the loue your franticke fit
Did ſo pretend in gloſing ſhew?
Are theſe your waies? is this your wit
To tice and force poore maidens ſo?
You ſtriue in vaine, by raging luſt
To gaine conſent, or make me truſt.

For who can truſt your flattering ſtile
Your painted wordes, your braue pretence,
When you will ſtriue, by trained wile
To force conſent to lewde offence:
Then thus to yeeld by chaunted charmes,
Ile rather die within your armes.

Your

Your golden Angels I repell,
Your lawleſſe luſt I here defie:
Theſe Angels are the poſtes of hell,
That often lead poore ſoules awry:
Shame on them all, your eyes ſhall ſee,
Theſe Angels haue no power of me.

Your gownes of ſilke, your golden chaines
Your mē, your maids your hundreth pounds
Are nothing els but deuiliſh traines:
That fill fond eares with tickling ſounds,
A bladder full of trayterous wind,
And fardeſt off from filthie mind.

Well, ſith your meaning now is plaine,
And luſt would giue no longer leaue,
To faithleſſe heart to lie and faine,
Which might perchance in time deceiue
By Ieſus Chriſt I do proteſt,
I'le neuer grant that you requeſt.

CANT. XII.

NOB. Furens.

THou beggars brat, thou dunghill mate,
Thou clowniſh ſpawne, thou countrie gi!
My loue is turnd to wreakfull hate,
Go hang and keepe thy credit ſtill:
Gad where thou liſt, aright or wrong,
I hope to ſee thee beg ere long.

Was this great offer well refus'd?
Or was this proffer all too baſe?
Am I fit man to be abusde,
With ſuch diſgrace by flattering gaſe?
On thee or thine as I am man,
I will reuenge this if I can.

Thou think'ſt thy ſelfe a peereleſſe piece
And peeuiſh pride that doth poſſeſſe
Thy heart; perſwades that thou art wiſe,
When God doth know the'rs nothing leſſe:
T'was not thy beautie that did moue
This fond affect, but blinded loue.

I hope to ſee ſome countrie cloune,
Poſſeſſor of that flattering face,
When need ſhal force thy pride come down
I'le laugh to ſee thy fooliſh caſa:
For thou that thinkſt thy ſelfe ſo braue,
Wilt take at laſt ſome paltrie kuaue

Thou ſelfe-will gig that doeſt deteſt,
My faithfull loue, looke to thy fame,
If thou offend I do proteſt,
I'le bring thee out to open ſhame:
For ſith thou faintſt thy ſelfe ſo pure,
Looke to thy leapes that they be ſure.

I was thy friend, but now thy foe,
Thou hadſt my heart but now my hate,
Refuſing wealth, God ſend thee woe,
Repentance now will come to late:
That tongue that did proteſt my faith
Shall waile thy pride, and wiſh thy death

CANT. XIII.

AVISA

YEa ſo I thought, this is the end
Of wandring luſt reſembling loue,
Wa'ſt loue or luſt that did entend,
Such frendleſſe force, as you did moue
Though you may vaunt of happier fate
I am content with my eſtate.

I rather chuſe a quiet mind,
A conſcience cleare from bloudie ſinnes,
Then ſhort delights and there in find,
Thar gnawing worme, that neuer linnes,
Your bitter ſpeeches pleaſe me more
Then all your wealth, then all your ſtore

I loue to liue deuoid of crime,
Although I beg, although I pine,
Theſe fading ioyes for litle time,
Im brace who liſt I here reſigne:
How poore I go, how meane I fare,
If God be pleaſd I do not care.

I rather beare your raging ire,
Although you ſweare reuengement deep
Then yeeld for gaine to lewd deſire,
That you might laugh, when I ſhould weep
Your luſt would like but for a ſpace,
But who could ſalue my foule diſgrace

Mine eares haue heard your tauntirg words;
Of yeelding fooles by you betraid,
Amongſt your mates at open bordes,
Knowſt ſuch a wife? knowſt ſuch a maid?
Then muſt you laugh, then muſt you wink
And leaue the reſt for them to thinke.

Nay yet well fare the happie life,
That need not bluſh at euerie view,
Although I be a poore mans wife,
Yet then I'le laugh as well as you.
Then laugh as long as you thinke beſt
My fact ſhall frame you no ſuch ieſt

If I do hap to leape aſide,
I muſt not come to you for aide,
Alas now that you be denide,
You thinke to make me ſore afraide:
Nay watch your worſt, I do not care,
If I offend, pray do not ſpare.

You were my friend, you were but duſt,
The Lord is he, whom I do loue,
He hath my heart, in him I truſt,
And he doth gard me from aboue:
I weigh not death, I feare not hell,
This is enough, and ſo farewell.

THE

THE SECOND TEMPtation of AVISA, after her marriage by Ruffians, Roysters, yong Gentlemen, and lusty Captaines, which all she quickly cuts off.

CANT. XIII.

CAVALEIRO

COme lustie wench, I like thy lookes,
And such a pleasant looke I loue,
Thine eyes are like to baited hookes,
That force the hungrie fish to moue:
Where nature granteth such a face,
I need not doubt to purchase grace.

I doubt not but thy inward thought,
Doth yeeld as fast as doth thine eye;
A loue in me hath fancie wrought,
Which worke you cannot well denie:
From loue you cannot me refraine,
I seeke but this, loue me agsine.

And

And ſo thou doeſt, I know it well,
I knew it by thy ſidecaſt glaunce,
Can heart from outward looke rebell?
Which yeſter night I ſpide by chaunce.
Thy loue (ſweet hart) ſhal not be loſt
Howdeare a price ſoeuer it coſt.

Aſke what thou wilt, thou knoweſt my mind
Appoint the place, and I will come,
Appoint the time, and thou ſhalt find,
Thou canſt not fare ſo well athome:
Few words ſuffice, where hearts conſent,
I hope thou knowſt, and art content.

Though I a ſtranger ſeeme as yet,
And ſeldome ſeene, before this day,
Aſſure thy ſelfe that thou maieſt get
More knackes by me, then I wil ſay:
Such ſtore of wealth as I will bring,
Shall make thee leape, ſhall make the ſing

I muſt be gone, vſe no delay,
At ſix or ſeuen the chance may riſe,
Old gameſters know their vantage play
And when t'is beſt to caſt the dice
Leaue ope your point, take vp your man
And mine ſhall quickly enter than

CANT. XV.

AVISA

What

VVHat now? what newes? new wars in hand,
More trumpets blowne of fond conceits
More banners ſpread of follies band?
New Captaines coyning new deceits?
Ah woe is me new campes are plac'ſt,
Wheras I thought all daungers paſt.

O wretched ſoule what face haue I,
That cannot looke but ſome miſdeeme?
What ſprite doth lurke within mine eye,
That kindles thoughts ſo much vncleane?
O luckles feature neuer bleſt,
That ſow'ſt the ſeedes of ſuch vnreſt.

What wandring fits are theſe that moue,
Your heart inragde with euery glaunce
That iudge a woman ſtraight in loue,
That welds her eye aſide by chance:
If this your hope by fancie wrought,
You hope on that I neuer thought.

If nature giue me ſuch a looke,
Which ſeemes at firſt vnchaſt or ill,
Yet ſhall it proue no bayted hooke,
To draw your luſt to wanton will:
My face and will do not agree,
which you in time perhaps may ſee.

If ſmiling chere and frendly words
If pleſant talke ſuch thoughts procure
Yet know my heart no will affords,
To ſcratching kites to caſt the lure:
If milde behauiour thus offend,
I will aſſay this fault to mend.

You plant your hope vpon the ſand,
That build on womens words, or ſmiles,
For when you thinke your ſelfe to ſtand
In greateſt grace, they proue but wiles.
When fixt you thinke on ſureſt ground,
Then fartheſt off they will be found

CANT. XVI.

AVISA

YOu ſpeake of loue, you talke of coſt,
I'ſt filthie loue your worſhip meanes?
Aſſure your ſelfe your labour's loſt,
Beſtow your coſt among your queanes,
You left not here nor here ſhall find
Such mates as match your beaſtly mind

You muſt againe to Coleman hedge,
For there be ſome that looke for gain,
They will beſtow the French mans badge
In lieu of all your coſt and paine,
But Sir, it is againſt my vſe,
For gaine to make my houſe a ſtewes.

What haue you ſeene? what haue I done?
That you ſhould iudge my mind ſo light
That I ſo quickly might be wone,
Of one that came but yeſter night?
Of one I wiſt not whence he came,
Nor what he is, nor what's his name

Though

Though face do friendly ſmile on all,
Yet iudge me not to be ſo kind,
To come at euerie Faulkners call,
Or waue aloft with euery wind:
And you that venture thus to trie,
Shall find how farre you ſhoote awry.

And if your face might be your iudge,
Your wannie cheekes, your ſhaggie lockes,
Would rather moue my mind to gru dge,
To feare the piles, or els the pockes:
If you be mou'd, to make amends,
Pray keepe your knackes for other frends.

You may be walking w hen you liſt,
Looke, ther's the doore, and thers the way,
I hope you haue your market miſt,
Your game is loſt, for lacke of play:
The point is cloſe, no chance can fall,
That en ters there, or euer ſhall.

CANT. XVII.

CAVALEIRO

GOds wo: I thinke you do but ieſt,
You cannot thus delude my hope:
But yet perhaps you thinke it beſt,
At firſt to giue but litle ſcope:
At firſt aſſault youm uſt retire,
And then be forc 'd to yeeld deſire.

You thinke, that I would iudge you bad,
If you ſhould yeeld at firſt aſſay:
And you may thinke me worſe then mad,
If one repulſe ſend me away:
You thinke you doe your credit wrong
Except you keepe your ſutors long.

But I that know the wonted guiſe,
Of ſuch as liue in ſuch a place:
Old dame experience makes me wiſe,
To know your meaning by your face:
For moſt of them, that ſeeme ſo chaſt,
Deny at firſt, and take at laſt.

This painted ſheath may pleaſe ſome foole,
That cannot ſee the ruſtie knife:
But I haue beene too long at ſchoole,
To thinke you of ſo pure a life:
The time and place will not permit,
That you can long here ſpotles ſit.

And therefore wench, be not ſo ſtrange,
To grant me that, which others haue:
I know that women loue to change,
Tis but deceit, to ſeeme ſo graue:
I neuer haue that woman tride,
Of whome as yet I was denide.

Your godly zeale doth breed my truſt,
Your anger makes me hope the more:
For they are often found the worſt,
That of their conſcience make ſuch ſtore:
It's vaine to bluſh, or looke aſide,
A flat repulſe I cannot bide.

Thou

CANT. XVIII.

AVISA

THou wicked wretch, what doſt not think
There is a God that doth behold,
This ſinfull way, this Sodomes ſinke,
O wretched earth that art ſo bold,
To ieſt at God, and at his word,
Looke for his iuſt reuenging ſword;

Saint Paul commands vs not to eate, 1. Cor. 22
With him that leades a wicked life,
Or ſhall be found to lie in waite,
To ſeeke to ſpoile his neighbours wife:
Such wicked ſoules God doth forſake Reuelat. 22.
And dings them downe to fierie lake.

A braine-ſicke youth was ſtricken blind,
That ſent his greedie eye to view,
A godly wench, with godleſſe mind,
That pain might ſpring, where pleaſure grew
Remember friend, forget not this,
And ſee you looke no more amiſſe.

A yong man was ſtricken blind for looking diſhoneſtly vpon a godly womā

O Iulia flower of thy time,
Where is thy law, where is thy word,
That did condemne the wedlock crime,
To preſent death, with bloudie ſword?
The ſhining of this piercing edge,
Would daunt the force of filthie rage.

The Locrenſes vſe to put out both the eyes of the adulterers,

The law Iulia in Rome put adulterers to the ſword,

The Arabians doe the like.

Though ſhameleſſe Callets may be found,
That ſoile themſelues in common field,
And can carrie the whores rebound,
To ſtraine at firſt, and after yeeld:
Yet here are none of Creſſids kinde,
In whome you ſhall ſuch fleeting finde.

The time and place may not condemne,
The mind to vice that doth not ſway,
But they that vertue do contemne.
By time and place, are led aſtray:
This place doth hold on at this time,
That will not yeeld to bloudie crime.

You thinke that others haue poſſeſt,
The place that you ſo lewdly craue,
Wherein you plainely haue confeſt,
Your ſelfe to be a iealous knaue:
The Roſe vnbluſht hath yet no ſtaine,
Nor euer ſhall while I remaine.

CANT. XIX

CAVALEIRO.

METhinkes I heare a ſober Foxe,
Stand preaching to the gagling geeſe;
And ſhewes them out a painted boxe,
And bids them all beware of cheeſe:
Your painted boxe, and goodly preach,
I ſee doth hold a foxly reach.

Perchance

Perchance you be no common card,
But loue the daintie Diamonds place,
The ten, the knaue, may be your gard
Yet you are onely ſtill the ace:
Contented cloſe in packe to lie,
But open dealing you defie.

Well, I confeſſe I did offend,
To ruſh ſo headlong to the marke;
Yet giue me leaue this fault to mend,
And craue your pardon in the darke,
Your credits fame I will not ſpill,
But come as ſecret as you will.

Nay heeres my hand, my faith I giue,
My tongue my fact ſhall not reueale,
To earthly creature while I liue,
Becauſe you loue a ſecret deale:
And where I come, I ſti l will ſay,
She would not yeeld, but ſaid me nay.

So ſhall your credit greater grow,
By my report and paſſing praiſe:
And they that ſcant your name do know,
Your fame on hie, and hie ſhall raiſe.
So ſhall you gaine that you deſire,
By granting that which I require.

To plant a ſiege, and yet depart,
Before the towne be yeelded quite,
It kils a martiall manly heart,
That cannot brook ſuch high deſpite:
Then ſay you yea, or ſay yon no,
Ile ſcale your walles before I go.

CANT. XX.

AVISA.

A Fine deuice, and well contriu'de,
Braue gold vpon a bitter pill,
No maruaile well though you haue thriu'd
That ſo can decke, that ſo can dill:
Your queintiſh quirkes can want no mate,
But here I wis, you come too late.

It's ill to halt before the lame,
Or watch the bird that cannot ſleepe,
Your new found trickes are out of frame,
The Foxe will laugh, when Aſſes weepe:
Sweare what you liſt, ſay what you will,
Before you ſpake I knew your ſkill.

Your ſecret dealing will not hold,
To force me trie, or make me truſt,
Your blind deuiſes are too old,
Your broken blade hath got the ruſt,
You need not lie, but truely ſay,
Shee would not yeeld to wanton play.

Your tongue ſhall ſpare to ſpreade my fame,
I liſt not buy too deare a ſound,
Your greateſt praiſe would breed but ſhame,
Report of me as you haue found:
Though you be loth to ſound retreate,
This mount's too ſtrong for you to get.

The

The wiſeſt Captaine now and then,
When that he feeles his foe to ſtrong,
Retires betime to ſaue his men,
That grow but weake, if ſiege be long:
From this aſſault you may retire,
You ſhall not reach, that you require.

I hate to feed you with delayes,
As others do, that meane to yeeld,
You ſpend in vaine your ſtrong aſſayes,
To winne the towne, or els the field:
No Captaine did, nor neuer ſhall,
Set ladder here to ſcale the wall.

CANT. XXI.

CAVALEIRO.

HAd I knowne this when I began,
You would haue vſde me as you ſay
I would haue toke you napping than,
And giue you leaue to ſay me nay:
I litle thought to find you ſo,
I neuer dream'd you would ſay no.

Such ſelfelike wench I neuer met,
Great cauſe haue I thus hard to craue it,
If euer man haue had it yet,

I ſworen haue, that I will haue it:
If thou didſt neuer giue conſent,
I muſt perforce be then content.

If thou wilt ſweare, that thou haſt knowne,
In carnall act no other man,
But onely one and he thine owne,
Since man and wife you firſt began,
I'le leaue my ſute, and ſweare it true.
Thy like indeed I neuer knew.

CANT. XXII.

AVISA.

I Told you firſt what you ſhould find,
Although you thought I did but ieſt,
And ſelfe affection made you blind,
To ſeeke the thing I moſt deteſt:
Beſides his hoſt, who takes the paine,
To recken firſt, muſt count againe.

Your raſh ſwore oath you muſt repent,
You muſt beware of headlong vowes:
Excepting him whome free conſent,
By wedlocke words hath made my ſpouſe:
From others yet I am as free,
As they this night that boren be.

Well

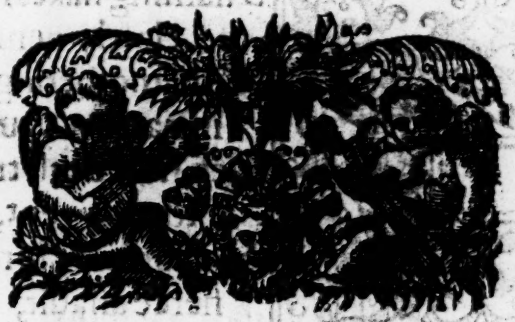
CAVALEIRO.

WEll giue me then a cup of wine,
As thou art his, would thou wert mine.

AVISA

HAue t'ye good luck, tell them that gaue,
You this aduice, what speed you haue.

Farewell



The third triall: wherein are expreſſed *the long paſſionate and conſtant af-*fections of the cloſe and warie ſuter, which by ſignes, by ſighes, by letters, priuy meſſengers, by iewels, rings gold, diuers gifts, and by a long continued courſe of curteſie, at length preuaileth with many both maids and wiues, if they be not garded wonderfully with a better ſpirite then their owne: which all are here finely daunted, and mildly ouerthrowne, by the conſtant anſweres, and chaſt replies of Auiſa.

CANT. XXII.

Dan: Ben

AS flaming flakes,
too cloſely pent,
With ſmothering ſmoke
in narrow vault,
Each hole doth trie,
to get a vent,
And force by forces
fierce aſſault,
With ratling rage,
doth rumbling raue,
Till flame and ſmoke free paſſage haue.

So I (my deare) haue ſmothered long,
Within my heart a ſparkling flame;
Whoſe rebell rage is growne ſo ſtrong,
That hope is paſt to quell the ſame:
Except the ſtone, that ſtrake the fire,
With water quench this hote deſire.

The glauncing ſpeare, that made the wound,
Which ranckling thus, hath bred my paine,
Muſt pearcing ſlide with freſh rebound,
Aud wound with wound recure againe:
That floting eye that pearſt my heart,
Muſt yeeld to ſalue my cureleſſe ſmart.

I ſtriu'd, but ſtriu'd againſt the ſtreame,
To daunt the qualmes of fond deſire,
The more their courſe I did reſtraine,
More ſtrong and ſtrong they did retire:
Bare need doth force me now to runne,
To ſeeke my help, where hurt begunne.

Thy preſent ſtate wants preſent aid;
A quicke redreſſe my griefe requires,
Let not the meanes be long delaide,
That yeelds vs both our hearts deſire:
If you will eaſe my penſiue heart,
I'le find a ſalue to heale your ſmart.

I am no common gameling mate,
That liſt to bowle in euerie plaine,
But (wench) conſider both our ſtate,
The time is now for both to gaine:
From daungers great I ſet you free,
If you will yeeld to comfort me.

CANT. XX. IIII

AVISA.

Your fierie flame, your secret smart,
That inward frets with pining griefe,
Your hollow sighes, your heauie heart,
Me thinke might quickly find reliefe.
If once the certaine cause were knowne,
From whence these hard effects haue grown.

It litle bootes to shew your sore,
To her that wants all Phiticke skill:
But tell it them, that haue in store,
Such oyles as creeping cankers kill;
I would be glad to do my best,
If I had skill to giue you rest.

Take heed, let not your greefe remaine,
Till helps do faile, and hope be past,
For such as first refus'd some paine,
A double paine haue felt at last;
A litle sparke, not quencht betime,
To hideous flames will quickly clime.

If godly sorrow for your sinne,
Be chiefest cause why you lament,
If guiltie conscience do beginne,
To draw you truely to repent:
A ioyfull end must needs redound,
To happie griefe so seldome found.

To striue all wicked lusts to quell,
Which often sort to dolefull end,
I ioy to hear you meane so well,
And what you want the Lord will send:
But if you yeeld to wanton will,
God will depart and leaue you still,

Your present aide with sweet supply,
My present state, that might amend,
If honest loue be meant there by,
I shall be glad of such a friend:
But if you loue, as I suspect,
Your loue and you I both reiect.

CANT. XXV

Dan: Ben.

WHat you suspect, I cannot tell,
What I do mean, you may perceiue
My workes shall shew, I wish you well,
If well meant loue you list receiue:
I haue been long in secret mind,
And would be still your secret friend.

My loue should breed you no disgrace,
None should perceiue our secret play,
We would obserue both time and place;
That none our dealings should bewray:
Be it my fortune or my fault,
Loue makes me venture this assault.

You miſtreſſe of my doubtfull chance,
You Prince of this my ſole deſire,
That luls my fancie in a trance,
The marke whereto my hopes aſpire:
You ſee the ſore, whence ſprings my griefe,
You weld the ſterne of my reliefe.

The graueſt men of former time,
That liu'd with fame and happie life,
Haue thought it none, or pettie crime,
To loue a friend beſides their wife:
Then ſith my wife you cannot be,
As deareſt friend accoumpt of me.

You talke of ſinne, and who doth liue,
Whoſe daily ſteps ſlide not awry,
But too preciſe, doth deadly griue,
The heart that yeelds not yet to die:
When age drawes on, and youth is paſt,
Then let vs thinke of this at laſt.

CANT. XXVI.

AVISA.

O Mightie Lord, that guides this Spheare
Defend me by thy mightie will,
From iuſt reproch, from ſhame and feare;
Of ſuch as ſeeke my ſoule to ſpill,
Let not their counſell (Lord) preuaile,
To force my heart to yeeld to quaile.

How

How frames it with your sober lookes,
To shrowd such bent of lewd conceites?
What hope hath plac'd me in your bookes,
That tiles me fit, for such deceites?
I hope that time hath made you see,
No cause that breeds these thoughts in me.

Your feruent loue is filthy lust,
And therefore leaue to talke of loue,
Your truth is treason vnder trust,
A Kite in shape of hurtlesse Doue:
You offer more then friendship would,
To giue vs brasse in stead of gold.

Such secret friends to open foes,
Doe often change with euery wind,
Such wandring fits, where folly grows,
Are certaine signes of wandering mind,
A fawning face, and faithlesse hart,
In secret loue, breeds open smart.

No sinne to breake the wedlocke faith,
No sinne to swim in Sodomes sinke?
O sinne the seed and sting of death,
O sinfull wretch that so doth thinke:
Your graueſt men with all their schooles,
That taught you thus, were heathen fooles.

CANT. XXI.

CAVALLIRO.

FRom whence proceeds this ſodaine change?
From whence this quaint and coyeſt ſpeech?
Where did you learne to looke ſo ſtrange?
What Doctor taught you thus to preach,
Into my heart it cannot ſinke,
That you do ſpeake as you do thinke,

Your ſmiling face and gla uncing eye,
(That Promiſe grace, and not deſpight)
With theſe your words do not agree,
That ſeeme to ſhunne your chiefe delight:
But giue me leaue, I thinke it ſtill,
Your words do wander from your will.

Of women now the greateſt part,
Whoſe place and age do ſo require,
Doe chuſe a friend whoſe faithfull hart,
May quench the flame of ſecret fire:
Now if your liking be not plac'ſt,
I know you will chuſe one at laſt.

Then chuſing one, let me be he,
If ſo our hidden fancies frame,
Becauſe you are the only ſhe,
That firſt inrag'de my fancies flame,
If firſt you graunt me this goodwill,
My heart is yours and ſhall be ſtill.

I haue a farme that fell of late,
Worth fortie pounds, at yearely rent,
That will I giue to mend your ſtate,
And proue my loue is truly ment:
Let not my ſute be flat denide,
And what you want ſhall be ſupplide.

Our

Our long acquaintance makes me bold,
To ſhew my griefe to eaſe my mind,
For new found friends, change not the old
The like perhaps you ſhall not find,
Be not too raſh, take good aduiſe,
Your hap is good, if you be wiſe.

CANT. XXVIII.

AVISA.

MY hap is hard and ouer bad,
To be miſdeemde of euery man:
That thinke me quickly to be had,
That ſee me pleaſant now and than:
Yet would I not be much agreeu'd,
If you alone were thus deceiude.

But you alone are not deceiu'd,
With ticing baites of pleaſant view,
But many others haue belieu'd,
And tryde the ſame as well as you.
But they repent their folly paſt,
And ſo will you I hope at laſt.

You ſeeme as though you lately came,
From London from ſome bawdy cell
Where you haue met ſome wantõ dame,
That knowes the trickes of whores ſo wel:
Know you ſome wiues, vſe more thẽ one
Goe backe to them, for here are none.

For here are none that list to chuse,
A novell change where old remaine,
My choyce is past, and I refuse,
While this doth last to chuse againe:
While one doth liue, I will no more,
Although I beg from dore to dore.

Bestow yout farmes among your friendes
Your forty pounds cannot prouoke,
The setled heart whome vertue bindes,
To trust the traines of hidden hooke:
The labor's lost that you endure,
To gorged Hauke to cast the lure.

If lust had led me to the spoile,
And wicked will to wanton chaunge,
Your betters that haue had the foyle,
Had caut'd me long ere this to range:
But they haue left, for they did see,
How farre they were mistooke of me.

CANT. XXIX.

Dan. Ben.

MIstake indeed, if this be true,
If youth can yeeld to fauours foe,
If wisedome spring, where fancy grew,
But sure I thinke it is not so:
Let faithfull meaning purchase trust,
That likes for loue and not for lust.

Although

Although you ſweare, you will not yeeld,
Although my death you ſhould intend,
Yet will I not forſake the field,
But ſtill remaine your conſtant friend.
Say what you liſt, flie where you will,
I am your thrall, to ſaue or ſpill.

You may commaund me out of ſight,
As one that ſhall no fauour find,
But though my body take his flight,
Yet ſhall my heart remaine behind.
That ſhall your guilty conſcience tell,
You haue not vſde his maſter well.

His Maiſters loue he ſhall repeate,
And watch his time to purchaſe grace,
His ſecret eye ſhall lie in waite,
Where any other gaine the place.
When we each other cannot ſee,
My hart ſhall make you thinke of me.

To force a fancy where is none,
T'is but in vaine, it will not hold,
But where it growes it ſelfe alone,
A little fauour makes it bold.
Till fancy frame your free conſent,
I muſt perforce be needes content.

Though I depart with heauy cheare,
As hauing loſt or left my hart,
With one whoſe loue I held too deare,
That now can ſmile when others ſmart:
Yet let your priſoner mercy ſee,
Leaſt you in time a Priſoner be.

CANT. XXX.

AVISA.

IT makes me ſmile to ſee the bent,
Of wandring minds with folly fed,
How fine they faine, how faire they paint,
To bring a louing foole to bed,
They will be dead except they haue,
What ſo (forſooth) their fancies craue.

If you did ſeeke, as you pretend,
Not friendleſſe luſt, but friendly loue,
Your tongue and ſpeeches would not tend,
Such lawleſſe actions, ſo to moue:
But you can wake, although you winke,
And ſweare the thing, you neuer thinke.

Catullus. Tum tam nulla viro iuranti famina credat. Nulla viri ſperet ſermones eſſe fideles. Qui dum aliquid cupiens animus prageſtit apiſci, Nil metuunt iurare nihil promittere parcunt. Sed ſimul ac cupidæ mentis ſatiata libido eſt,

To wauering men that ſpeake ſo faire,
Let women neuer credite giue,
Although they weepe, although they ſweare,
Such fained ſhewes let none belieue,
For they that thinke their words be true,
Shall ſoone their haſtie credite rue.

When venturing luſt doth make them dare,
The ſimple wenches to betray:
For preſent time they take no care,
What they do ſweare, nor what they ſay.
But hauing once obtainde the lot,
Their words and oathes are all forgot.

Let

Let rouing Prince from Troyes sacke,
Whose fawning fram'de Queene *Dido's* fall,
Teach women wit, which wisedome lacke,
Mistrust the most, beware of all,
When selfe-will rules where reason sate,
Fond women oft repent too late.

Dieta nihil metuere, nihil periuria curant

The wandring passions of the mind,
Where constant vertues beare no sway,
Such franticke fickle changes find,
That reason knowes not where to stay,
Now boast you then of constant loue,
Where lust all vertue doth remoue.

Combat betweene reason and appetite. No constant loue where vnconstant affections rule That loue only constant that is grounded on vertue

Dan. Ben.

Dan. Ben. being somwhat grieued with this aunswere, after long absence and silence, at length writeth as followeth.

CANT. XXXI.

Dan. Ben. To Avisa more pitty.

Canol Cole found in many places of England. *Nimpous locus Leonicus de Varia hist. fol. 98.*

By the Ionian Sea there is a place that burnes continually and the more water is cast into it, the more it flames.

THere is a cole that burnes the more
The more ye cast cold water neare:
Like humor feedes my secret sore,
Not quēcht but fed by cold dispaire:
The more I feele [illegible],
The faster [illegible].

In Greece they finde a [illegible],
That fumes in [illegible],
Cold water [illegible],
The greater frost the greater flame:
So frames it with my loue or lost,
That fiercely fries amidst the frost.

My heart inflam'd with quenchlesse heate,
Doth fretting fume in secret fire,
These hellish torments are the meate,
That dayly feed this vaine desire.
Thus shall I grone in gastly griefe,
Till you by mercy send reliefe.

You

You first inflam'd my brimstone thought,
Your fawning fauour witcht mine eye,
O lucklesse eye, that thus hast brought,
Thy maisters heart to stray awry:
Now blame your selfe if I offend,
The hurt you made you must amend.

With these my lines I send a ring,
Least you might thinke you were forgot,
The poesie meanes a pritty thing,
That bids you Doe, but dallie not:
Doe so sweete heart, and doe not stay,
For dangers grow from fond delay.

Fiue winters frostes haue sat'd to quell,
These flaming fits of firme desire,
Fiue Summers sunnes cannot expell,
The cold dispaire that feedes the fire:
This time I hope my truth doth trie,
Now yeeld in time, or else I die.

Dudum beatus
Dan. Ben.

CANT. XXXII.

AVISA to Dan. Ben. more
wisedome and feare of God

The

THe Indian men haue found a plant,
Whose vertue, mad conceites doth quel.
This roote (me thinks) you greatly want,
This raging madnes to repell,
If rebell fancie worke this spite,
Request of God a better spirite.

The roote Baaras is good to deliuer the that are possessed with euill Spirits. *Iosephus.*

If you by folly did offend,
By giuing raines vnto your lust,
Let wisedome now these fancies end,
Sith thus vntwin'd is all your trust:
If wit to will, will needs resigne,
Why should your faults be counted mine.

Your Ring and letter that you sent,
I both returne from whence they came,
As one that knowes not what is ment,
To send or write to me the same.
You had your aunswere long before,
So that you need to send no more.

Your chosen poesie seemes to shew,
That all my deedes but dallyings be,
I neuer dallied that I know,
And that I thinke you partly see:
I shewed you first my meaning plaine,
The same is yet, and shall remaine.

Some say, that time doth purge the bloud,
And frantick humors by stages to frame:
I maruell time hath done no good,
Your long hid griefes and qualmes to tame?
What secret hope doth yet remaine,
That makes these suites renue againe?

Time purgeth cholericke humors, and the bloud.

But

But die you will, and that in haſte,
Except you finde ſome quicke releiſe,
Ile warrant you, your life no laſt,
While fooliſh loue is all your griefe:
As firſt I ſaid, ſo ſay I ſtill,
I cannot yeeld nor euer will.

Always the ſame Auiſa.

CANT. XXXIII.

The 2. Letter of Dan. Ben. to hard harted *AVISA*, Farewell.

I Finde it true that ſome haue ſaide,
It's hard to loue, and to be wiſe:
For wit is oft by loue betraid,
And brought aſleepe by fond deuiſe:
Sith faith no fauour can procure,
My patience muſt my paine endure.

Difficile eſt diligere, et ſapere Kultemo.

When womens wits haue drawne the plot,
And of their fancie laid the frame,
Then that they holde where good or not,
No force can moue them from the ſame:
So you, becauſe you firſt denide,
Do thinke it ſhame from that to ſlide.

Andrelius Non ſi feminis erebo caput igne refamdas Ingenii mutas prima metalla ſui.

As faithfull friendſhip mou'd my tongue,
Your ſecret loue, and fauour craue,
And as I neuer did you wrong,
This laſt requeſt ſo let me haue:
Let no man know what I did moue,
Let no man know that I did loue.

That I will ſay, this is the worſt,
When this is ſaid, then all is paſt,
Thou proud *Aniſa*, were the firſt,
Thou hard *Aniſa* art the laſt:
Though thou in ſorrow make me dwell,
Yet loue will make me wiſh thee well.

Write not againe, except you write,
This onely gentle word, I will,
This onely word will bring delight,
The reſt will breede but ſorrowe ſtill.
God grant you gaine that you deſire,
By keeping that which I require.

Yet will I liſten now and then,
To ſee the end, my mind will craue,
Where you will yeeld to other men,
The thing that I could neuer haue.
But what to me? where falſe or true,
Where liue or die, for aye Adue.

Fortuna ferenda.
Dan. Ben.

DYDIMVS HARCONIVS. ANGLO-GERMANVS.

CANT. XXXIIII.

Dy. Har.

HAue to say, yet cannot speake
The thing that I wold gladly say
My hart is strõg though tong be weake,
Yet wil I speake it as I may:
And if I speake not as I ought,
Blame but the errors of my thought.

And if I thinke not as I should,
Blame loue that bad mee so to thinke,
And if I say not what I would.
T'is modest shame that makes me shrinke,
For sure their loue is very small,
That can at first expresse it all.

Forgiue my blush, if I do blush,
You are the first I euer tride,
And last whose conscience I will crush,
If now at first I be denide.
I must be plaine, then giue me leaue,
I cannot flatter nor deceiue.

You know that marchants ride for gaine,
As chiefe foundations of their ſtate,
You ſee that we refuſe no paine,
To riſe betime and trauell late:
But farre from home this is the ſpite,
We want ſometimes our chiefe delight

I am no Saint I muſt confeſſe,
But naturde like to other men,
My meaning you may quickly geſſe,
I loue a woman now and then,
And yet it is my common vſe,
To take aduiſe, before I chuſe.

I ofr haue ſeene the weſterne part,
And therein many a pritty elfe,
But found not any in my hart,
I like ſo well as of your ſelfe.
And if you like no worſe of me
We may perhaps in time agree.

CANT. XXXV.

AVISA.

VVHen firſt you did requeſt to talke
With me alone a little ſpace:
VVhen firſt I did conſent to walke,
VVith you alone within this place,
From this your ſage and ſober cheare,
I thought ſome graue aduiſe to heare.

Some ſay that womens faces faine,
A modeſt ſhew from wanton heart,
But giue me leaue, I ſee it plaine,
That men can play a double part,
I could not dreame, that I ſhould find,
In luſtles ſhew, ſuch luſtfull mind.

You make as though you would not ſpeak
As vnacquainted yet with loue,
As thogh yout mind you could not break
Nor how theſe ſecret matters moue,
You bluſh to ſpeake, Alas the bluſh,
Yet this is all not worth a ruſh.

Such ſlie conceites are out of ioynt,
So foule within, ſo faire without,
Not worth in proofe a threeden point,
But now to put you out of doubt:
Your thoughts is far deceiude of me,
As you in time ſhall plainely ſee.

If you had knowne my former life,
With ſpotles fame that I haue held,
How firſt a maide, and then a wife,
Theſe youthly ſutes I haue repeld:
You would (I hope) correct your rate.
That iudge me thus a common mate.

Whome you haue ſeene I do not care,
Nor reck not what you did requeſt,
I am content this ſlout to beare,
In that you ſay, you like me beſt:
And if you wiſh that we agree,
Correct yout wrong conceite of me.

CANT. XXXVI.

Dy. Har.

THe lymed bird by foulers traine,
Intrapt by view of pleaſant baite,
Would faine vnwinde himſelfe againe,
But feeles too late the hid deceit.
So haue I found the claſping lyme,
That will ſticke faſtfor longer time.

There is a floud, whoſe riuers runne,
Like ſtreames of milke, and ſeemes at firſt,
Extreamely cold, all heate to ſhunne,
But ſtay a while, and quench your thirſt:
Such vehement heate there will ariſe,
As greater heate none may deuiſe.

In Italy is a certaine water that falleth into the river Amoe, of colour white, and at firſt ſeemes to be wonderfull cold, but being a while in it, it heateth the body more extreamely. *Leonicus de Varia Hiſtor.*

Theſe ſtrange effects I finde inrolde,
Within this place ſince my returne,
My firſt affections were but cold,
But now I feele them fiercely burne.
The more you make ſuch ſtrange retire
The more you draw my new deſire.

You thinke perchance I do but ieſt,
Or I your ſecrets will bewray:
Or hauing got that I requeſt,
With falſe *Æneas* ſteale away,
If you ſuſpect that I will range,
Let God forſake me when I change.

I will not boaſt me of my wealth,
You ſhall no gold nor Iewels want,
You ſee I am in perfect health,
And if you liſt to giue your grant:
A huudred poundes ſhall be your hire,
But onely doe that I require.

And here's a Bracelet to begin,
Worth twentie Angels to be ſolde,
Beſides the reſt, this ſhall you win,
And other things not to be tolde:
And I will come but now and then,
To voyd ſuſpect, none ſhall know whē.

CANT. XXXVII.

AVISA.

WHy then your conſcience doth declare,
A guiltie minde that ſhunnes the light,
A ſpotleſſe conſcience needes not feare,
The tongues of men, nor yet the ſight:
Your ſecret ſlides do paſſe my skill,
And plainely ſhew your workes are ill.

Your words commend the lawleſſe rite
Of *Platoes* lawes that freedome gaue,
That men and women for delight,
Might both in common freely haue,
Yet God doth threaten cruell death,
To them that breake their wedlocke faith.

In Plato his common wealth, all women werr common, contrare to the commāndement of God *Exod*, 10. 14 *Leui*, 18 20, 29

The

Strange pleasure seemes sweete at the beginning, but their ende is as bitter as wormewod. prou. 5. 3. 4. prou. 6. 27.

The Bee beares hony in her mouth,
Yet poysoned sting in hinder part:
The spring is sweete where pleasure groweth
The fall of leafe brings stormie smart:
Vaine pleasure seemes most sweet at first,
And yet their end is still accurst.

Non tanti emampanitere Filthy heathē lawes.

What bosome beares not burning coales,
And yet consumes not with the same?
What feet rread fire with bared soles,
And are not singed with the flame?
Then stay my friend, make no such haste
To buy *Repentance* at the last.

In Cyprus their maidens before the time of their mariage were set open to euery man, to gayne their dowry. Iustine

I am not of the Cyprian sort,
Nor yet haue learnd the common vse,
Of Babel dames in filthy sport,
For gaine no commers to refuse:
What stormes or troubles euer grow,
I list not seeke my liuing so.

The Babylonians had a custome, that if anywere poor they should procure their daughters and wiues to get money with their bodies. Herodot:

Your gorgeous gifts, your golden hookes,
Do moue but fooles to looke aside,
The wise will shunne such craftie crookes,
That haue such false resemblance tride:
But men are sure, that they will lift,
That are content to take a gift.

Formosa pretio capiuntur auaræ, Imitantur hamos, Dona: *Famina prostituit seseque munera donat, Famina si vendit quæ data dona capit. Vulteius.*

CANT. XXXVIII.

Dy. Har:

NAy then farewell, if this be so,
If you be of the purer stampe,
Gainst wind and tide I cannot row,
I haue no oyle to feede that lampe:
Be not too rash, denie not flat,
For you refuse you know not what.

But rather take a farther day,
For farther triall of my faith,
And rather make some wise delay,
To see and take some farther breath:
He may too rashly be de nide,
Whose faithful heart was neuer tride.

And though I be by Iury cast,
Yet let me liue a while in hope:
And though I be condemnd at last,
Yet let my fancie haue some scope:
And though the bodre flie away,
Yet let me with the shadow play.

Will you receiue, if I do send,
A token of my secret loue?
And stay vntill you see the end,
Of these effects that fancie moue?
Graunt this, and this shall salue my sore
Although you neuer grant me more

And thus at firſt, let this ſuffice,
Inquire of me and take the view,
Of mine eſtate, with good aduiſe,
And I will do the like by you:
And as you like, ſo frame your loue
But paſſe not promiſe till you proue.

This haue I ſaid, to ſhew my bent,
But no way ſpoken to offend,
And though my loue cannot relent,
Yet paſſed errors will I mend:
Keep cloſe the tenor of our talke,
And ſay we did for pleaſure walke.

CANT. XXXIX

AVISA.

THen iugling mates do moſt deceiue,
And moſt delude the dazeled ſight
When vp they turne their folded ſleeue,
With bared armes to worke their ſleight
When ſharpe ſet Foxe begins to preach,
Let Goſlings keepe without his reach.

And will you haue me ſet a day,
To feed your hope with vaine delayes?
Well I will do as you do ſay,
And poſte you of with fainting ſtayes:
That day ſhall breake my plighted faith
That drawes my laſt and gaſping breath

If you will hope, then hope in this,
Ile neuer grant that you require:
If this you hope, you ſhall not miſſe,
But ſhall obtaine your hopes deſire,
If other hope you do retaine,
Your labor's loſt, your hope is vaine.

The child that playes with ſharpned tools
Doth hurt himſelfe for want of wit,
And they may well be counted fooles,
That wraſtle neere a daungerous pit:
Your looſe deſire doth hope for that,
Which I muſt needs deny you flat.

Send me no tokens of your luſt,
Such gifts I liſt not to receiue,
Such guiles ſhall neuer make me truſt
Such broad-laid baites cannot deceiue,
For they to yeeld do then prepare,
That grant to take ſuch proffered ware.

The woman that receiueth gifts of ſuch ſutors, ſelleth her ſelfe & her libertie

If this be it you haue to ſay,
You know my mind which cãnot change,
I muſt be gone, I cannot ſtay,
No fond delight can make me range,
And for a farewell this I ſweare,
You get not that I hold ſo deare.

After long abſence D.H. happening to come in on a *time ſodenly to her houſe, and finding her all alone amongſt* her maides that were ſpinning, ſaid nothing, but going home wrote theſe verſes following, which he called his *Dum habui*, and ſent them vnto her.

CANT. XL.

Dy: Har: To Aviſa too conſtant.

WHilſt erſt I had my libertie,
To range the woods where fancie liſt,
The cauſe of all my miſerie,
By heedleſſe haſte my way I miſt:
Vntill I found within a plaine,
A Chriſtall well where Nimphes remaine.

As wearie of this wild-gooſe race,
That led askance, I know not where,
I choſe at length a ſhadow place,
To take the cold and pleaſant ayre;
But from the brinke of that ſame well,
I ſaw my heauen, or els my hell.

I ſaw a bird from ioyning groue,
That ſoaring came with comely grace,
The Lillie and Vermilion ſtroue,
In mayden like and louely face:
With ſeemely armes in ſteed of wings,
No clawes, but fingers ſet with rings.

And

And in her hand she held a darte,
As being of Diana's traine,
O that's the cause of all my smart,
And breeder of this endlesse paine:
The thing I sought not there I find,
And lost the freedome of my mind.

While on her eyes, my eyes did hang,
From rolling eye there sprang a glance,
And therewith heard a sodaine clang,
That strake me in a deadly trance:
But wak't I saw blind Cupids craft,
And in my heart the golden shaft.

I sew'd for grace but she denide
Her loftie lookes she cast awrie,
And when my follie she espide,
She laught to see my miserie:
Away she soares and from my sight,
She smiling takes her parting flight.

You are the bird, that bred the bane,
That swelleth thus in restlesse thought,
You are the snare that thus hath tane,
And sences all to thraldome brought:
You are the iaylor that do keepe,
Your friend in bonds and dungeon deep.

Renowned chaste Penelope,
With all her words could not redriue,
Her sutors till she set a day,
In which she would them answere giue,
When threedie spindle full was grown,
Then would she chuse one for her own.

They dayly came to see the end,
And euery man doth hope to be,
The chosen man, to be her friend
But womens wiles here men may see;
Her spill was neuer fully sponne,
For night vndid that day had done.

I hope the like you haue decreede,
That found you spinning but of late,
Would God your spill were full of threed,
That might relieue my wretched state:
I will forget the wrongs are past,
So you will chuse me at the last.

Chuse one at length, I know you will,
Let tryed faith for ten yeares space,
How euer that your spindle fill,
With ioy possesse that emptie place:
And if you will I do protest,
My loue shall far surmount the rest.

These lines that hope for better speed,
As louing spies are sent to see;
Where you haue spunne vp all your threed,
And what good hap is left for me:
Let their returne, yet make him glad,
Whom loues dispaire, hath made so sad.

Dy. Har.

CANT.

Anisa her answer to Dy. Har. a finall resolution.

IF I be of Diana's traine,
As true it is I must confesse,
I maruell that you striue in vaine,
Where fruitles hope yeelds no redresse
For they must needs continue sad,
That seeke for that will not be had.

What serui le follie doth possesse,
Your base conceit that can abide,
Such pitteous plaints and sutes addresse,
To them that do your sutes deride?
For I can hardly thinke them wise,
That trie againe, repulsed thrise.

No Hellens rape, nor Troian warre,
My louing mate hath forc't away,
No Iunos wrath to wander farre,
From louing bed can make him stray:
Nor stay at all in forraigne land,
But here I haue him still at hand.

My ſweet Vliſſes neuer ſtaies,
From his deſired home ſo long,
That I ſhould need ſuch rare delayes
To ſhield me from intended wrong:
My chiefe delights are alwayes nie,
And in my boſome ſweetly lie.
The ſpindle that you ſee me driue,
Hath fild the ſpill ſo often trend,
My heart is fixt, ſince that you ſee,
My wedlock faith to chaſte friend:
Then leaue to ſew, ſince that you ſee,
Your hap debars your hope from mee.

I vſe not oft to make replie,
To lines that yeeld ſuch wanton ſtore,
Let this ſuffice, that I denie,
And after this looke for no more:
My choiſe is bound, by lawfull band,
My oath is paſt, and that ſhall ſtand.

Alwaies the ſame

Auiſa.

This

CANT. XLII.

THis is enough: now I haue done,
I thinke in deed you do not faine,
As others haue, that haue beene wonne
In shorter space with lesser paine:
And sith you will not yeeld in deed,
To these my words yet take good heed.

My former loue was only lust,
As you in deed did truely say,
And they such loue that rashly trust,
Do plant the plot of swift decay:
But they whom Grace doth make so wise,
To high renowne will surely rise.

If you had had a waxie heart,
That would haue melt at hot desir,
Or chaffie thoughts that could haue start,
And yeeld to burne at euerie fire.
What ere I did or said before,
I should haue thought you but a whore.

Though saylers loue the common Port,
As safest harbour where to rest,
Yet wise men seeke the strongest fort,
And paper castels most detest:
Men cannot loue such as they know,
Will yeeld at sight of euery blow.

O Violata, Vale Vale ò Violata, placebas, Inuiolata noces, nunc Violata mihi. Vulteius,

Sic Virgo dum intacta manet dum chara suis sed cum semel occidit impolluto corpore florem. Nec pueris iucunda manet, nec chara puellis, Catullus

But now my loue by vertue bound,
No ſtormie blaſtes can make it quaile,
Your conſtant mind a friend hath found,
Whoſe honeſt loue ſhall neuer faile:
A faithfull friend in honeſt loue,
Whom lewd affections ſhall not moue.

If you this wanton fault forgiue,
No time in me ſhall euer find,
Such lewd attempts, while I do liue,
Now that I know your conſtant mind:
My pen doth write, my hart hath ſwore,
My tongue ſuch ſpeech ſhall vſe no more.

A thouſand times I loue you more,
Then if I had my purpoſe wonne,
Of common loue I make no ſtore,
But leaue it there where I begunne:
What oddes there is now you may proue.
Twixt wicked luſt, and honeſt loue,

Now graunt I pray, this laſt requeſt,
That fraudleſſe hart doth friendly ſend,
That if my faith deſerue it beſt,
Accept me for your honeſt friend:
And if I ſeeke your ſpoile or ſhame,
Then raze me out and blot my name.

And if I ſhall this fauour find,
Then weare this ring, though you be loth,
As token of my ſimple mind,
And perfect band of faithfull oath:
The poeſie is, No friend to faith,
That will remaine, till both our death.

Eſteeme

Eſteme not this a painted baite,
Or golden ball, caſt to deceiue:
If I do meane ſuch lewd deceit,
Let God my ſoule in torments liue:
I ſay no more, but thus I end.

Dy: Har:

CANT. XLIII.

AVISA.

YOu know that I haue laid my reſt,
From which my mind ſhall neuer ſwerue,
If all be true that you proteſt,
Then may you find as you deſerue,
All hidden truth time will bewray,
This is as much as I can ſay.

Alwayes the ſame,
Auiſa.

CANT. XLIIII.

Henrico Willobego Italo Hiſpalenſis.

Hen. VVill. being ſodainly infected with the contagion of a fantaſticall fitte, at the firſt ſight of A. pyneth a while in ſecret griefe, at length not able any longer to indure the burning heat of ſo feruent a humor, bewrayeth the ſecrecie of his diſeaſe vnto his familiar friend VV. S. who not long before had tryed the curteſie

teſy of the like paſsion, and was now newly recouered of the like infections: yet finding his friend let bloud in the ſame veine, he tooke pleaſure for a time to ſee him bleed, & in ſteed of ſtopping the iſſue, he inlarged the wound, with the ſharpe raſor of a willing conceit, perſwading him that he thought it a matter very eaſy to be compaſſed, & no doubt, with paine, diligence and ſome coſt in time to be obtained. Thus this miſerable comforter comforting his friend with an impoſsibility, either for that hee now would ſecretly laugh at his friends follie, that had giuen occaſion not long before vnto others to laugh at his owne, or becauſe he would ſee whether an other could play his part better then himſelfe, & in vewing a far off the courſe of this louing Comedy, he determined to ſee whether it would ſort to a happier end for this new actor, then it did for the old prayer. ut at length, this Comedy was like to haue growne to a Tragedy, by the weake and feeble eſtate that Hen. Will. was brought vnto, by a deſperat vew of an impoſsibilitie of obtaining his purpoſe, till time and Neceſſity being his beſt Phiſitians brought him a plaſter, if not to heale, yet in part to eaſe his malady, in all which diſcourſe is liuely repreſented the vnruly rage of vnbrideled fancie, hauing the raines to roue at libertie. with the diuers and ſundrie changes of affections & temptations which will, ſet looſe from Reaſon, deuiſe. &c.

H. W

Hen. Will.

WHat ſodaine chãc or ch ange is this
That doth bereau my quiet reſt?
What ſurly cloud eclipſt my bliſſe;
What ſpirite doth rage in my breſt?
Such fancie qualmes I neuer found,
Till firſt I ſaw this weſterne ground.

Can change of ayre complexions change,
And ſtrike the ſences out of frame?
Though this be true, yet this is ſtrange,
Sith I ſo lately hither came:
And yet in bodie cannot find
So great a change as in mind.

My luſtleſſe limmes do pine away,
Be cauſe my hart is dead within,
All liuely heat I feele decay:
And deadly cold his tome doth winne:
My humors all are out of frame,
I frize amidſt the burning flame.

I haue the feuer Ethike right,
I burne within, conſume without,
And hauing melted all my might,
Then followes death, without all doubt,
O fearefull foole, that know my griefe,
Yet ſue and ſeeke for no reliefe.

I know the time, I know the place,
Both when and where my eye did view,
That nouell ſhape, that friendly face,
That ſo doth make my heart to rew:
O happie time if ſhe incline,
If not woe worth theſe luckleſſe eyne.

I loue the ſeate where ſhe did ſit,
I kiſſe the graſſe where ſhe did tread,
Me thinkes I ſee that face as yet,
And eye that all theſe turmoyles breed:
I enuie that this ſeat, this ground,
Such friendly grace and fauor found.

I dream't of late, God grant that dreame,
Portend my good, that ſhe did meet,
Me in this greene by yonder ſtreame,
And ſmiling did me friendly greet:
Where wandring dreames be iuſt or (wrong,
I minde to trie ere it be long.

But yonder comes my faithfull friend,
That like aſſaults hath often tride,
On his aduiſe I will depend,
Where I ſhall winne, or be denyde:
And looke what counſell he ſhall giue,
That will I do, where die or liue.

CANT. XLV.

H. S.

VVEl met friend Harry, what's the cauſe
You looke ſo pale with Lenton
Your wanny face & ſharpned noſe, (cheekes?
Shew plaine your mind ſome thing miſlikes:
If you will tell me what it is,
Ile help to mend what is amiſſe.

What is ſhe man that workes thy woe,
And thus thy trickling fancie moue?
Thy drowſie eyes, and ſighes do ſhoe,
This new diſeaſe proceds of loue:
Tell what ſhe is that witcht thee ſo,
I ſweare it ſhall no farther go.

A heauie burden wearieth one,
Which being parted then in twaine,
Seemes very light or rather none,
And boren well with little paine:
The ſmothered flame, too cloſely pent,
Burnes more extreame for want of vent.

So ſorrowes ſhrynde in ſecret breaſt,
Attainte the heart with hotter rage,
Then griefes that are to friends expreſt,
Whoſe comfort may ſome part aſſwage:
If I a frend, whoſe faith is tride,
Let this requeſt not be denide.

Exceſſiue

Exceſſiue griefe doth counſels want,
And cloud the ſence from ſharpe conceits;
No reaſon rules, where ſorrowes plant,
And follie feeds, where furie frets:
Tell what ſhe is, and you ſhall ſee,
What hope and helpe ſhall come from me.

CANT. XLVI

Hen. Will.

SEeſt yonder houſe, where hangs the badge
Of Englands Saint, when captaines crie,
Victorious land, to conquering rage,
Loe, there my hopeleſſe helpe doth lie:
And there that friendly foe doth dwell,
That makes my hart thus rage and ſwell.

CANT. XLVII

W S

WEll ſay no more: I know thy griefe,
And face from whence theſe flames (ariſe.
It is not hard to find reliefe,
If thou wilt follow good aduiſe:
She is no Saint, ſhe is no Nunne:
I thinke in time ſhe may be wonne.

At first repulse you must not faint,
Nor flie the field though she denie
You twise or thrise yet manly bent,
Againe you must and still replie:
When time permits you not to talke,
Then let your pen and fingers walke.

Apply her still with diuers things,
(For gifts the wisest will deceiue,)
Sometimes with gold, sometimes with rings,
No time nor fit occasion leaue:
Though coy at first she seeme and wield,
These toyes in time will make her yeeld.

Looke what she likes that must you loue,
And what she hates you must detest,
Where good or bad you must approue,
The words and workes that please her best:
If she be godly, you must sweare,
That to offend you stand in feare.

You must commend her louing face,
For women ioy in beauties praise,
You must admire her sober grace,
Her wisdome and her vertuous wayes,
Say t'was her wit and modest show,
That made you like and loue her so,

You must be secret, constant, free,
Your silent sighes and trickling teares,
Let her in secret often see,
Then wring her hand, as one that feares
To speake: then wish she were your wife,
And last desire her saue your life.

When she doth laugh, you must be glad,
And watch occasion time and place,
When she doth frowne, you must be sad,
Let sighes and sobs request her grace:
Sweare that your loue is truely ment,
So she in time must needs relent.

CANT. XLVIII

Hen. Will.

THe whole to sicke good counsell giue,
Which they thẽselues cannot performe,
Your words do promise sweet relieue,
To saue my ship from drowning storme:
But hope is past, and health is spent,
For why my mind is Mal-content.

The flowring hearbes, the pleasant spring,
That deckes the fields with vernant hew,
The harmelesse birds that sweetly sing,
My hidden griefes do still renew:
The ioyes that others long to see
Is it that most tormenteth me.

I greatly doubt though March be past,
Where I shall see the wished May,
That can recure that balefull blast,
Whose cold dispaire wrought my decay:
My hopelesse cloudes, that neuer cleare,
Presage great sorrowes very neere.

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I mirth did once, and musicke loue,
Which both as now I greatly hate:
What vncoth spirite my heart doth moue,
To loth the thing, I lou'd so late?
My greatest ease in deepest mone,
Is when I walke my selfe a lone.

Where thinking on my hopelesse hap,
My trickling teares like riuers flow,
Yet fancie luls me in her lap,
And tels mee life from death shall grow:
Thus flattering hope makes me belieue,
My griefe in time shall feele relieue.

Good fortune helps the ventring wight,
That hard attempts dare vndertake:
But they that shunne the doubtfull fight,
As cowards drudges, doth forsake.
Come what there will I meane to trie,
Where winne or lose, I can but die.

Audaces for
na iuuenat
do(que repell

CANT. XLIX.

H. Wil. the first assault

PArdon (sweet wench) my fancies fault,
If I offend to shew my smart,
Your face hath made such fierce assault,
And battred so my fencelesse heart,
That of my foe my life to saue,
For grace I am constraind to craue.

The raging Lyon neuer rends,
The yeelding pray, that proſtrate lyes,
Nor valiant Captaine euer bendes,
His force againſt ſurrendering cryes:
Here I ſurrender roome and right,
And yeeld the fort at Captaines fight.

You are the chiefetaine, that haue laid,
This heauie ſiege to ſtrengthleſſe fort,
And fancie that my will be traid,
Hath lent deſpaire his ſtrongeſt port:
Your glauncing eyes as Cannon ſhot,
Haue pearſt my heart and freedome got.

When firſt I ſaw that friendly face,
Though neuer ſeene before that day,
That wit, that talke, that ſober grace,
In ſecret heart thus did I ſay:
God proſper this, for this is ſhe,
That ioy, or woe muſt bring to me.

A thouſand features I haue ſeene,
For trauellers change and choiſe ſhall ſee,
In Fraunce, in Flaunders, and in Spaine,
Yet none, nor none could conquere me,
Till now I ſaw this face of thine,
That makes my wittes are none of mine.

I often ſaid, yet there is one,
But where or what I could not tell,
Whoſe ſight my ſence would ouercome,
I feard it ſtill, I knew it well:
And now I know you are the ſhe,
That was ordaind to vanquiſh me.

CANT

CANT. I.

AVISA

VVHat ſong is this that you do ſing?
What tale is this that you do tell?
What newes is this that you do bring,
Or what you meane I know not well?
If you will ſpeak, pray ſpeake it plaine,
Leſt els perhaps you loſe your paine.

My mind ſurpriſ'd with houſhold cares,
Tends not darke riddles to vntwine,
My ſtate ſurch arg'd with great affaires,
To idle talke can lend no time:
For if your ſpeeches tend to loue,
Your tongue in vaine ſuch ſutes will moue.

In greeneſt graſſe the winding ſnake,
With poyſoned ſting is ſoonеſt found,
A cowards tongue makes greateſt cracke:
The emptieſt caske yeelds greateſt ſound:
To hidden hurt, the bird to bring,
The fowler doth moſt ſweetly ſing.

Idleneſſe the mother of all fooliſh wantonneſſe. Dauid being idle fell to ſtrange luſt. *Quæritur Ægiſtus quare ſit factus Adulter?*

If wandring rages haue poſſeſt
Your rouing mind at randome bent,
If idle qualmes from too much reſt,
Fond fancies to your luſt haue ſent:
Cut off the cauſe that breeds your ſmart,
Then will your ſickneſſe ſoone depart.

The restlesse mind that reason wants,
Is like the ship that lackes a sterne,
The heart beset with follies plants,
At wisedomes lore repines to learne:
Some seeke and find what fancie list;
But after wish that they had mist.

In eapm causa est, Desidiosus erat, Noblemen, gentlemen and Captaines by dlenes fall to al kinde of vices.

Who loues to tread vnknowen pathes,
Doth often wander from his way,
Who longs to laue in brauest bathes,
Doth wash by night and waste by day,
Take heed betime, beware the prise,
Of wicked lust if you be wise.

CANT. LI.

Hen. Will.

VNwonted liking breedes my loue,
And loue the wellspring of my griefe,
This fancie fixt none can remoue,
None send redresse, none giue reliefe:
But onely you whose onely sight,
Hath forc'd me to this pining plight.

Loue oft doth spring from due desert:
As louing cause of true effect,
But mine proceeds from wounded hart,
As scholler to a nouell sect:
I beare that liking few haue bore,
I loue that neuer lou'd before.

I loue

I loue though doubtfull of ſucceſſe,
As blind men grope to try the way;
Yet ſtill I loue becauſe I geſſe,
Your loue, for loue cannot deny:
Except you ſpring of ſauage kind,
Whome no deſerts, nor loue can blind.

Of all the graces that excell,
And vertues that are cheefly beſt,
A conſtant loue doth beare the bell,
And makes his owner euer bleſt:
How blame you then the faithfull loue,
That hath his praiſe from God aboue?

Can you withſtand what fates ordaine?
Can you reproue dame Natures frame?
Where natures ioyne, ſhall will diſclame?
Acquite my loue: beare they the blame
That ſnuffe at faith, and looke ſo coy,
And count true loue but for a toy.

If fortune ſay, it ſhall be ſo,
Then though you kicke, yet ſhall you yeeld:
Say what you liſt, you cannot go,
Vnconquered thus from Cupids field:
That loue that none could euer haue,
I giue to you, and yours I craue.

CANT.

CANT. LII

VVEll, you are bent, I see, to trie
The vtmost list of follies race,
Your fancie hath no power to flie,
The luring baite of flattering grace:
The fish that leapes & neuer lookes,
Findes death vnwares in secret hookes.

You say you loue, yet shew no cause,
Of this your loue or rather lust,
Or whence this new affection growes:
Which though vntride, yet we must truste
Drie reedes that quickly yeeld to burne,
Soone out to flameless cinders turne.

Such ranging loue in wrangling mates,
Is quicklie found and sooner left,
Such deepe deceit in all estates,
That spares no care, no paine, nor cost,
With flattering tongues and golden gifts,
To driue poore women to their shifts.

Examine well, and you shall see,
Your truthlesse treason termed loue,
What cause haue you to fancie me,
That neuer yet had time to proue
What I haue beene, nor what I am,
Where worthie loue or rather shame.

This

This loue that you to ſtrangers beare,
Is like to headſtrong horſe and Mule,
That ful fed neighs on euery Mare,
Whoſe luſt out leapes the lawfull rule:
For here is ſeene your cõſtant loue,
Whom ſtrange aſpects ſo quickly moue.

Beſides you know I am a wife,
Not free, but bound by plighted oth,
Can loue remaine, where filthie life,
Hath ſtaind the ſoile, where vertue gro'th;
Can loue indure, where faith is fled?
Can Roſes ſpring whoſe root is dead?

True loue is conſtant in her choiſe,
But if I yeeld to chuſe againe,
Then may you ſay with open voice,
This is her vſe, this is her vaine,
She yeelds to all, how can you than,
Loue her that yeelds to euery man.

CANT. LIII.

Hen. Will.

IF feare and ſorrow ſharpe the wit,
And tip the tongue with ſweeter grace,
Then will and ſtile muſt finely fit,
To paint my griefe and wayle my caſe:
Sith my true loue is counted luſt,
And hope is rak't in ſpitefull duſt.

The cauſe that made me loue ſo ſoone,
And feeds my mind with inward ſmart,
Springs not from ſtarres, nor yet the Moone,
But cloſely lies in ſecret heart:
And if you aske I cannot tell,
Nor why, nor how this hap befell.

If birth or beautie could haue wrought,
In luſtleſſe heart this loues effect,
Some fairer farre my loue haue ſought,
Whoſe louing lookes I did reiect.
If now I yeeld without aſſault,
Count this my fortune or my fault.

You are a wife, and you haue ſwore,
You will be true, yet what of this?
Did neuer wife play falſe before,
Nor for her pleaſure ſtrike amiſſe?
Will you alone be conſtant ſtill,
When none are chaſte, nor euer will:

A man or woman firſt may chuſe,
The loue that they may after loth,
Who can denie but ſuch may vſe,
A ſecond choyſe to pleaſure both?
No fault to change the old for new,
So to the ſecond they be true.

Your husband is a worthleſſe thing,
That no way can content your mind,
That no way can pleaſure bring,
Your flowring yeares deſire to find;
This I will count my chiefeſt bliſſe,
If I obtaine, that others miſſe.

Ther's

Ther is no thing gotten to be coy,
The purer ſtampe you muſt deteſt,
Now is your time of greateſt ioy,
Then loue the friend that loues you beſt:
This I will count my chefeſt bliſſe,
If I obtaine that others miſſe.

CANT. LIIII

AVISA

THat others miſſe you would obtaine,
And want of this doth make you ſad,
I ſorrow that you take ſuch paine,
To ſeeke for that will not be had;
Your filed skill the power doth want,
Within this plot ſuch trees to plant.

Though ſome there be that haue done ill,
And for their fancie broke their faith:
Yet do not thinke that others will,
That feare of ſhame more then of death:
A ſpotleſſe name is more to me,
Then wealth, then frendes, then life can be.

Are all vnconſtant, all vnſound?
Will none performe their ſworne vow?
Yet ſhall you ſay, that you haue found,
A chaſt and conſtant wife I trow:
And you ſhall ſee, when all is done,
Where all will yeeld, and all be wonne.

Though you haue beene at common ſchoole
And entr. d plaints in common place:
Yet you will proue your ſelfe a foole,
To iudge all women void of grace:
I doubt not but you will be brought,
Soone to repent this wicked though t.

Your ſecond change let them allow,
That liſt n iſlike their primer choiſe,
I lou'd him firſt, I loue him now,
To whome I gaue my yeelding voice:
My faith and loue, I will not giue,
To mortall man while he doth liue,

What loue is this that bids me hate,
The man whom nature bids me loue?
What loue is this, that ſets debate,
Twixt man and wife? but here I proue,
Though ſmothed words ſeeme very kind,
Yet all proceed from deuiliſh mind.

CANT. LV.

Hen: Will.

FRom diuelliſh mind? well wanton well
You thinke your ſtrength is very ſure
You thinke all women to excell,
And all temptations to indure.
Theſe glorious brags ſhew but your pride,
For all will yeeld, if they be tride.

You

You are (I hope) as others be;
A woman made of fleſh and bloud:
Amongſt them all will you go free:
When all are ill, will you be good:
Aſſure your ſelfe, I do not faine,
Requite my loue with loue againe.

Let me be hangd if you be ſuch,
As you pretend in outward ſhow,
Yet I commend your wiſdome much,
Which mou'd me firſt to loue you ſo:
Where men no outward ſhewes detect;
Suſpitious mind ſcan nil ſuſpect.

But to the matter: tell me true,
Where you your fancie can incline,
To yeeld your loue for which I ſue,
As fortune hath intangled mine:
For well I know it's nothing good,
To ſtriue againſt the raging flood.

What you miſlike, I will amend,
If yeares I want, well I will ſtay,
My goods and life heere I will ſpend,
And helpe you ſtill in what I may:
For though I ſeeme a headlong youth,
Let time be triall of my truth.

Your name by me ſhall not be crackt,
But let this tongue from out my iawes,
Be rent, and bones to peeces rackt,
If I your ſecrets do diſcloſe:
Take good aduiſement what you ſay,
This is my good or diſmall day.

CANT. LVI

AVISA.

YEs, ſo I will, you may be bold,
Nor will I vſe ſuch ſtrange dela yes,
But that you ſhall be quickly told,
How you ſhall frame your wandring wayes,
If you will follow mine adviſe,
Doubt not but you ſhall ſoone be wiſe.

To loue excepting honeſt loue,
I can not yeeld, aſſure your mind,
Then leaue your fruitleſſe ſute to moue,
Leaſt like to Syſiphus you find,
With endleſſe labor, gaineleſſe paine,
To role the ſtone that turnes againe.

You want no yeares, but rather wit,
And due forecaſt in that you ſeeke,
To make your choyſe that beſt may fit,
And this is moſt that I miſlike,
If you be free, liue where you liſt,
But ſtill beware of, Had I wiſt.

Serue God and call to him for grace,
That he may ſtay your ſlipperie ſlides,
From treading out that ſinfull trace,
That leades where endleſſe ſorrow bides:
Thus ſhall you wiſely guide your feet:
Though youth and wiſedom ſeldome meet.

And

And if you find, you haue no gift,
To liue a chaſte and mateleſſe life,
Yet feare to vſe vnlawfull ſhift,
But marrie with ſome honeſt wife,
With whom you may contented liue,
And wandring mind from follie driue.

Flie preſent pleaſure that doth bringe,
Inſuing ſorrow paine and griefe.
Of death beware the poyſned ſting,
That hactheth horror ſanſ reliefe:
Take this of me and in the end,
I ſhall be thought your chiefeſt friend.

Fuggi quel piacer preſente, che ti da dolor futuro.

CANT. LVII.

Hen. Will.

IF then the welſpring of my ioy,
A floud of woe, in fine become,
If loue ingender loues annoy,
Then farewell life, my glaſſe is runne:
If you thus conſtant ſtill remaine,
Then muſt I die, or liue in paine.

Thrice happie they, whoſe ioyned harts,
Vnited wils haue linckt in one,
Whoſe eyes diſcerne the due deſarts,
The griping griefe, and grieuous grone,
That faith doth breed in ſetled mind,
As fancies are by fates inclinde.

And

And ſhall I role the reſtleſſe ſtone?
And muſt I proue the endleſſe paine?
In cureleſſe care ſhall I alone,
Conſume with grefe that yeelds no gaine?
If ſo, I curſe theſe eyes of mine,
That firſt beheld that face of thine.

Your will muſt with you woe diſpence,
Yonr face the founder of my ſmart,
That pleaſant looke fram'd this offence,
Theſe thrilling gripes that gall my hart:
Sith you this wound and hurt did giue,
You muſt conſent to yeeld relieue.

How can I ceaſe, while fancie guides
The reſtleſſe reines of my deſire?
Can reaſon rule where folly bides?
Can wit, inthrald to will retire?
I little thought, I ſhould haue miſt,
I neuer fear'd of, Had I wiſt.

Let old men pray, let ſetled heads,
In thrall their necks to wedlocke band,
Shrewd golden gyues, who euer weds,
With pleaſure paine ſhall take in hand:
But I will be your faithfull friend,
If health by hope you yeeld to ſend.

CANT.

CANT. LVIII.

VVHat filthie follie, raging luſt,
what beaſtly blindnes fancie breeds:
As though the Lord had not accurſt,
with vengeance due the ſinfull deeds?
Though vain led youth with pleaſure ſwel,
Yet mark theſe words that I ſhall tell.

Who ſo with filthie pleaſure burnes,
His ſinfull fleſh with fierie flakes,
Muſt be conſum'd, whoſe ſoule returnes,
To endleſſe paine in burning lakes.
You ſeeme by this to wiſh me well,
To teach me tread the path to hell.

Gen. 38 24. Whore mongers burne.

Call you this (loue) that bringeth ſinne,
And ſowes the ſeedes of heauie cheare?
If this be loue I pray begin,
To hate the thing I loue ſo deare,
I loue no loue of ſuch a rate,
Nor fancie that, which God doth hate.

But what ſaith he that long hath tride,
Of harlots all the wanton ſleights,
Beware leaſt that your heart be tide,
To fond affects by wanton ſightes:
Their wandring eyes, and wanton lookes,
Catch fooles as fiſh, with painted hookes.

Their lips with oyle and honie flow,
Their tongs are fraught with flattering guile,
Amidſt theſe ioyes great ſorrowes grow,
For pleaſures flouriſh but a while,
Their feet to death, their ſteps to hell,
Do ſwiftly ſlide, that thus do mell.

Then flie this dead and dreadfull loue,
This ſigne of Gods reuenging ire,
Let loue of God ſuch luſt remoue,
And quench the flames of foule deſire:
If you will count me for your frend,
You muſt both workes, and words amend.

CANT. LXI.

With this bitter replyof *AVISA*, Hen. Will. being ſomewhat daunted, yet not altogether without hope went home to his houſe, and there ſecretly in a melancholike paſſion wrote theſe verſes following.

Hen. Willto AVISA. my frlendly foe.

THe buſie Gnat about the candle, houering ſtill doth flie,
The ſlimie Fiſh about the bait, ſtill wauering doth lie,
The feareſull Mouſe about the trap doth often try his ſtrength
Vntill both Gnat and fiſh and mouſe, be taken at the length,
Euen ſo vnhappie I, do like my greateſt haine,
Vnleſſe you do with ſpeed, releaſe my mortall paine.

The

The light foot heart desires the water brooke,
The dogge most sicke the greeneſt graſſe doth craue.
The wounded wight for Surgeon ſtill doth looke,
Vntill both hart and dogge, and wight their medicine haue.
But I with griefe th'vnhappieſt of them all,
Do ſtill delight to be mine enemies thrall.

Mine enemie I ſay, though yet my ſweeteſt friend,
If of my ſorrowes I may ſee ſome ſpeedie holſome end.

FINIS. Chila dur la Vince.

CANT. LXII.

AVISA her reply to H. Will.

THe buſie Gnat for want of wit,
Doth ſindge his wings in burning flame,
The fiſh with baite will headlong flit,
Till ſhe be choaked with the ſame.
So you with Gnat and fiſh will play,
Till flame and food, worke your decay.

The heedleſſe Mouſe, that tries the trap,
In haſt to reach her hearts deſire,
Doth quickly find ſuch quaint miſhap,
That barres her ſtrength from free retire,
So you will neuer ceaſe to craue,
Till you haue loſt that now you haue.

The hart, the dogge, the wounded wight,
For water, graſſe, and Surgeon call,
Their griefes and cures are all but light,
But your conceit ſurpaſt them all:
Except you change your wanton mind,
You ſhall no eaſe, nor comfort find.

Alwaies the ſame
Auiſa.

CANT. LXIII.

Wi: proſecute thhis ſute

VVIll not your loftie ſtomacke ſtoop?
Wil not this ſelfe conceit come
As haggard louing mirthleſſe coupe, (downe
At freindly lure doth checke and frowne?
Blame not in this the Faulkners skill,
But blame the Hawkes vn bridled will.

Your ſharpe replies, your frowning cheare,
To abſent lines, and preſent view,
Doth aye redouple trembling feare,
And griping griefes do ſtill renew,
Your face to me my ſole releife,
My ſight to you, your onely griefe.

O luckleſſe wretch, what hap had I,
To plant my loue in ſuch a ſoyle?
What furie makes me thus relie,
On her that ſeekes my vtter ſpoyle?
O Gods of loue what ſigne is this,
That in the firſt, I firſt ſhould miſſe:

And can you thus increaſe my woe,
And will you thus prolong my paine?
Canſt kill the heart that loues thee ſo,
Canſt quit my loue with fowle diſdaine?
And if thou canſt, woe worth the place,
where firſt I ſaw that flattering face.

And ſhall my follie proue it true,
That haſtie pleaſure doubleth paine,
Shall griefe rebound, where ioy grew,
Of faithfull heart is this the gaine?
Me thinks for all your graue aduiſe,
(Forgiue my thought) you are not wiſe.

Would God I could reſtraine my loue,
Sith you to loue me cannot yeeld,
But I alas cannot remoue,
My fancie though I die in field;
My life doth on your loue depend,
My loue and life at once muſt end.

CANT. LXIIII.

AVISA.

What

VVHat witleſſe errors do poſſeſſe,
The wretched minds of louing fooles
That breathleſſe runne to ſuch diſtreſſe,
That liuely heat fond ſorrow cooles?
They reke not where they ſtand or fall,
Denie them loue, take life and all.

It ſeemes a death to change their mind,
Or alter once their fooliſh will,
Such odd conceits they ſeeke to finde;
As may their childiſh fancies fill,
It makes me ſmile thus now and then,
To ſee the guiſe of fooliſh men.

I can not ſtoupe to wandring lure?
My mind is one and ſtill the ſame.
While breath, while life, while dayes indure,
I will not yeeld to worke my ſhame?
Then if you ſtriue and ſtirre in vaine,
Blame but the fruits of idle braine.

If I do ſometimes looke awry,
As loth to ſee your blubbered face,
And loth to heare a yong man crie,
Correct for ſhame this childiſh race:
And though you weepe and waile to me,
Yet let not all theſe follies ſee.

Good *Harry* leaue theſe raging toyes,
That thus from reſtleſſe fancie flow,
Vnfit for men, not meet for boyes,
And lets a while talke wiſely now;
If that you loue me as you ſay,
Then ceaſe ſuch madneſſe to be wray.

If honeſt loue could breed content,
And frame a liking to your will,
I would not ſticke to giue conſent,
To like you ſo, a nd loue you ſtill,
But while luſt leades your loue awry,
Aſſure your ſelfe I will denie.

CANT. LXV

Hen. Will.

AN d is it luſt that welds my loue?
Or is it but your fond ſurmiſe?
Will you condemne before you proue?
How can I thinke you to be wiſe?
O faithfull heart, yet thrice accurſt,
That art miſdeemd thus at the firſt.

If luſt did rule my reſtleſſe heart,
If onely luſt did beare the ſway,
I quickly could aſſwage my ſmart,
With choiſe, and change, for euerie day:
You ſhould not laugh toſee mee weepe,
If luſt were it that ſtrake ſo deepe.

And yet at firſt, before I knew,
What vaine it was that bled ſo ſore,
Where luſt or loue, to proue it true,
I tooke a ſalue that ſtill before:
Was wont to help, I choſe me one,
With whom I quencht my luſt alone.

Yet this (ſweetheart) could not ſuffice,
nor any way content my mind,
I felt new qualmes, and new ariſe,
And ſtronger ſtill, and ſtrong I find,
By this, I thus do plainly proue,
It is not luſt but faithfull loue.

ad argu= t to proue d loue.

And yet to proue my loue more ſure,
And ſith you will not falſe your faith,
This pining plight I will indure,
Till death do ſtop your husbands breath:
To haue me then if you will ſay
I will not marrie, till that day.

If you will giue your full conſent,
When God ſhall take your husbands life:
That then you will be well content,
To be my ſpouſe and louing wife:
I will be ioyfull as before,
And till that time, will craue no more.

CANT: LXVI.

AVISA

NO more, no more, to much of this,
And is mine inch become an ell?
If thus you writh my words amiſſe,
I muſt of force, bid you farewell:
You ſhew in this your louing bent,
To catch at that, I neuer ment.

I thought at firſt (but this my thought
I muſt correct) that ſimple loue
In guiltleſſe hart theſe fits had wrought,
But I, too ſimple I, now proue,
That vnder ſhew of great good will,
My harts delight you ſeeke to ſpill.

He loues me well, that tils a trap,
Of deepe deceit and deadly baine,
In dreadfull daunger thus to wrap
His friend by baites of fliering traine:
Thogh flattering tongs can paint it braue
Your words do ſhew what loue you haue

I muſt conſent, and you will ſtay
My husbands death. Obtaining this,
You thinke I could not ſay you nay,
Nor of your other purpoſe miſſe,
You are deceiu'd, and you ſhall trie,
That I ſuch faith and friends defie.

Such fained former faithleſſe plot,
I muſt deteſt, and tell you plaine,
If now I were to caſt my lot,
With free conſent to chuſe againe:
Of all the men I euer knew,
I would not make my choice of you.

Let this ſuffice, and do not ſtay,
On hope of that which will not be.
Then ceaſe your ſute, go where you may,
Vaine is your truſt, to hope on me.
My choyce is paſt, my hart is bent,
While that remaines to be content.

Now hauing tract the winding trace
Of falſe reſemblance, giue me leaue
From this to ſhew a ſtranger grace,
Then heretofore you did perceaue:
Gaine friendleſſe loue if I repine,
The fault is yours, and none of mine.

CANT. LXVII.

Hen. Will.

I Will not wiſh, I cannot vow
Thy hurt, thy grief, though thou diſdain
Though thou refuſe, I know not how
To quite my loue with loue againe:
Since I haue ſwore to be thy friend,
As I began ſo will I end.

Sweare thou my death, work thou my wo
Conſpire with griefe to ſtop my breath,
Yet ſtill thy friend, and not thy foe,
I will remaine vntill my death.
Chuſe whome thou wilt, I will reſigne,
If loue or faith be like to mine.

But while I wretch too long haue lent,
My wandring eyes to gaſe on thee,
I haue both time and trauell ſpent,
In vaine, in vaine: and now I ſee,
They do but fruitleſſe paine procure,
To haggard Kites that caſt the lure.

When

When I am dead, yet thou maieſt boaſt,
Thou hadſt a friend, a faithfull friend,
That liuing liu'd to loue thee moſt,
And lou'd thee ſtill vnto his ende:
Though thou vnworthy, with diſdaine
Didſt force him liue, and dye in paine.

Now may I ſing, now ſigh and ſay,
Farewell my life, farewell my ioy;
Now mourne by night, now weepe by day,
Loue, too much loue breedes mine annoy:
What can I wiſh? what ſhould I craue?
Sith that is gone, that I ſhould haue.

Though hope be turned to diſpaire,
Yet giue my tongue leaue to lament,
Beleeue me now, my heart doth ſweare,
My luckleſſe loue was truly ment,
Thou art too proud, I ſay no more,
Too ſtout, and woe is me therefore.

Felice chi puo.

CANT. LXVIII.

Aniſa hauing heard this patheticall fancie of *H.W.* & ſeeing the teares trill downe his cheekes, as halfe angry to ſee ſuch paſsionate follie in man, that ſhould haue gouernment, with a frowning countenance turned frō him without further anſwere, making ſilence her beſt reply, and following the counſel of the wiſe not to anſwer a foole in his folly leſt he grow too fooliſh, returned quite from him, and left him alone. But he departing home, and not able by reaſon to rule the raging fume of his phantaſticall furie, caſt himſelfe vpon his

bed, and refusing both foode and comfort for many daies together, fell at length into such extremity of passionat affections, that as many as saw him, had great doubt of his health, but more of his wits, yet after a long space absence, hauing procured some respite from his sorrowes, hee takes his penne and writes as followeth.

CANT. XIX.

Hen. Will.

Like wounded Dear, whose teder sides are bath'd in blood
From deadly wound, by fatall hand and forked shaft,
So bleedes my pierced hart, for so you thinke it good,
With crueltie to kill, that which you got by craft:
You still did lothe my life, my death shall be your gaine,
To die, to do you good, I shall not thinke it paine.

My person could not please, my talke was out of frame,
Though hart and eye could neuer brooke my loathed sight
Yet loue doth make me say, to keepe you out of blame,
The fault was onely mine, and that you did but right,
When I am gone, I hope my ghost shall shew you plaine,
That I did truely loue, and that I did not faine.

Now must I finde the way to waile while life doth last,
Yet hope I soone to see the ende of dolefull daies;
When floodes of flowing feares, and creeping cares are past
Then shall I leaue to sing, and write these dolefull laies:
For now I loth the foode, and blood that lends me breath
I count all pleasures paine that keepe me from my death.

To

To darke and heauy ſhades, I now will take my flight,
Where neither tongue, nor eye ſhall tell or ſee my fall,
That there I may diſieſt theſe dregges of thy deſpight,
And purge the clotted blood, that now my hart doth gall,
In ſecret ſilence ſo, Perforce *ſhall be my ſong,*
Til truth make you cõfeſſe that you haue done me wrõg.

Gia ſpeme ſpenta.

H. W.

Auiſa refuſing both to come or ſend him any anſwere, after a long and melancholike deliberation, he wrote againe as followeth.

CANT. LXX.

Hen. Will.

THough you refuſe to come or ſend,
Yet this I ſend, though I do ſtay,
Vnto theſe lines ſome credit lend,
And marke it well what they ſhall ſay,
They cannot hurt, then reade them all,
They do but ſhew their maiſters fall.

Though you diſdaine to ſhew remorſe,
You were the firſt and onely wight,
Whoſe fawning features did inforce,
My will to runne beyond my might:
In female face ſuch force we ſee,
To captiue them, that erſt were free.

Your onely word was then a law
Vnto my minde, if I did ſinne,
Forgiue this ſinne, but then I ſaw
My bane or bliſſe did then begin:
See what my fancie could haue done,
Your loue at firſt, if I had wonne.

All fortune flat I had deſide,
To choyce and change defiance ſent,
No frowning fates could haue deniде,
My loues purſute, and willing bent:
This was my mind, if I had found,
Your loue as mine but halfe ſo ſound.

Then had I bad the helliſh rout,
To frounce aloft their wrinkled front,
And curſed hagges that are ſo ſtout,
I boldly would haue bid auant:
Let earth and ayre haue found their fill,
So I had wrought my wiſhed will.

No raging ſtorme, nor whirling blaſt,
My ſetled heart could haue annoyd,
No skie with thundering clouds orecaſt
Had hurt, if you I had enioyd:
Now hap is paſt, loe you may ſee,
How euery toy tormenteth me.

Chi circa troua.

CANT.

CANT. LXX.

Hen. Will.

With oken planckes to plaine the waues,
What Neptuns rage could I haue feard
To quell the gulfe that rudely raues,
What perill could haue once appeard?
But now that I am left alone,
Bare thoughtes enforce my hart to grone.

With thee to passe the chamfered grounds,
What force or feare could me restraine?
With thee to chase the Scillan houndes,
Me thinks it were a pleasant paine:
This was my thought, this was my loue,
VVhich none but death can yet remoue.

It then behoues my fainting sprite,
To loftie skies returne againe,
Sith onely death brings me delight,
VVhich louing liue in careless paine,
VVhat hap to stranger is assignd,
If knowne friends do such fauour finde.

How often haue my friendly mates,
My louing errors laught to scorne,
How oft for thee found I debates,
VVhich now I wish had beene forborne:
But this and more would I haue done,
If I thy fauour could haue wonne.

I saw

I saw your gardens passing fine,
With pleasant flowers lately deckt,
With Cowslips, and with Eglantine,
When wofull Woodbine lies reiect:
Yet these in weedes and briers do meete,
Although they seeme to smell so sweete.

The daintie Dayse brauely springs,
And chiefest honour seemes to get,
I enuie not such friendly things,
But blesse the hand that these haue set:
Yet let the Hysop haue his place,
That doth deserue a speciall grace.

Viui, Chi vince.

CANT. LXXI.

Hen. Will.

BVt now farewell your selfe shall see,
An odde exchange of friends in time,
You may perhaps then wish for me,
And waile too late this cruell crime:
Yea wish your selfe perhaps beshrewd,
That you to me such rigor shewd,

I cannot force you for to like,
Where cruell fancie doth rebell,
I must some other fortune seeke,
But where or how I cannot tell:
And yet I doubt where you shall find,
In all your life so sure a friend.

Of pleaſant dayes the date is gone,
My karkaſe pineth in conceit,
The line of life his race hath runne;
Expecting ſound of deathes retreat:
Yet would I liue to loue thee ſtill,
And do thee good againſt thy will.

How can I loue, how can I liue,
Whilſt that my hart hath loſt his hope?
Diſpayre abandons ſweete reliefe,
My loue and life haue loſt their ſcope:
Yet would I liue thy feature to beholde,
Yet would I loue, if I might be ſo bold.

My griefe is greene and euer ſprings,
My ſorrow full of deadly ſap,
Sweete death remoue theſe bitter things,
Giue end to hard and cruell hap:
Yet would I liue, if I might ſee,
My life or limmes might pleaſure thee.

These verſes exceede meaſure, to ſhewe that his affections keepe no compaſſe, and his exceeding loue.

Farewell that ſweete and pleaſant walke,
The witneſſe of my faith and woe,
That oft hath heard our friendly talke,
And giue me leaue my griefe to ſhow:
O pleaſant path, where I could ſee,
No croſſe at all but onely ſhe.

Il fine, fail tutto.

CANT. LXXI.

Hen. Will.

Like silly Bat that loues the darke,
And seldome brookes the wished light,
Obscurely so I seeke the darke,
That aye doth vanish from my sight:
Yet shall she say, I dyed her friend,
Though by disdaine she sought mine end.

Faine would I cease and holde my tongue,
But loue and sorrow set me on,
Needes must I plaine of spitefull wrong,
Sith hope and health will both be gon.
When branch from inward rinde is fled,
The barke doth wish the body dead.

If euery man were borne to woe,
I am the man you know it well,
My chiefest friend my greatest foe,
And heauen become my heauy hell:
This do I feele, this do I finde:
But who can loose, that God will binde?

For since the day, O dismall day,
I first beheld that smiling face,
My fancy made her choyce straight way,
And bad all other loues giue place,
Yea since I saw thy louing sight,
I freeze and frie, twixt ioy and spight.

Where

Where fond ſuſpect doth keepe the gate,
There truſt is chaſed from the dore,
Then faith and truth will come too late,
Where falſhood will admit no more,
Then naked faith and loue muſt yeeld,
For lacke of fence, and flye the field.

Then eaſier were it for to chuſe,
To crale againſt the craggie hill,
Then ſutes, then ſighes, then words to vſe,
To chaunge a frow:rd womans will:
Then othes and vowes are all in vaine,
And truth a toy, where fancyes raigne.

Ama, Chi tiama.

CANT. LXXIII.

Hen. Will.

MY tongue, my hand, my readie hart,
That ſpake, that felt, that freely thought:
My loue, my limbes, my inward ſmart,
Haue all performed what they ought,
Theſe all do loue thee yet, and ſhall,
And when I change, let vengeance fall.

Shall I repent I euer ſaw
That face, that ſo can frowne on me?
How can I wiſh, when fancies draw
Mine eyes to wiſh and looke for thee:
Then though you do deny my right,
Yet barre me not from wiſhed ſight.

And yet I craue I know not what,
Perchance my preſence breedes your paine,
And if I were perſwaded that,
I would in abſence ſtill remaine:
You ſhall not feele the ſmalleſt griefe,
Although it were to ſaue my life.

Ah, wo is me, the caſe ſo ſtands,
That ſenceleſſe papers pleade my woe,
They cannot weepe nor wring their hands,
But ſay perhaps that I did ſo:
And though theſe lines for mercy craue,
Who can on papers pitie haue?

O that my griefes, my ſighes, my teares,
Might plainly muſter in your view,
Then paine, not pen, then faith, not feares,
Should vouch my vowes, and writings true:
This wiſhing ſhewes a wofull want,
Of that which you by right ſhould grant.

Now fare thou well, whoſe wel fare brings
Such lothſome feare and ill to me.
Yet here thy friend this farewell ſings,
Though heauie word a farewell be.
Againſt all hope if I hope ſtill,
Blame but aboundance of good will.

Grand Amore, grand Dolore,
Inopem me copia fecit.
H. W.

CANT.

CANT. LXXIIII.

AVISA her laſt replie.

YOur long Epiſtle I haue read,
Great ſtore of words and little wit,
(For want of wit theſe fanſies bred)
To anſwere all I thinke not fit:
But in a word, you ſhall perceiue,
How kindly I will take my leaue.

When you ſhall ſee ſweete Lillies grow,
And flouriſh in the frozen Iſe,
When ebbing tides ſhall leaue to flow,
And mountaines to the skies ſhall riſe:
When roaring Seas do ceaſe to raue,
Then ſhall you gaine the thing you craue.

When fiſh as haggard Hawkes ſhall flye,
When Seas ſhall flame, and Sunne ſhall freeſe,
When mortall men ſhall neuer die,
And earth ſhall yeeld nor hearbe, nor trees,
Then ſhall your word my minde remoue,
And I accept your proffered loue.

When Thames ſhall leaue his channell drye,
When ſheepe ſhall feede amidſt the ſea,
When ſtones aloft as birdes ſhall flie,
And night be changed into day:
Then ſhall you ſee that I will yeeld,
And to your force reſigne the field.

Till all these things do come to passe,
Assure your selfe, you know my mind;
My hart is now as first it was,
I came not of dame Chrysides *kinde:*
Then leaue to hope, learne to refraine
Your minde from that, you seeke in vaine.

I wish you well, and well to fare,
And therewithall a godly mind,
Deuoid of lust, and foolish care,
This if you seeke, this shall you finde,
But I must say, as erst before;
Then cease to waile, and write no more.

Alwayes the same
Auisa.

Hen. Will. was now againe stricken so dead, that he hath not yet any further assay, nor I thinke euer will, and where he be aliue or dead, I know not, and therefore I leaue him.

The Authors Concluſion.

SO thus ſhe ſtands vnconquered yet,
As Lambe amidſt the Lions pawes,
Whom gifts, nor wiles, nor force of wit,
Could vanquiſh once for all their ſhewes,
To ſpeake the truth and ſay no more,
I neuer knew her like before.

Then blame me not if I proteſt,
My ſilly Muſe ſhall ſtill commend,
This conſtant A, aboue the reſt,
While other learne their life to mend,
My tongue on high, and high ſhall raiſe
And alway ſing her worthy prayſe.

While hand can write, while wit deuiſe,
While tongue is free to make report,
Her vertue ſhall be had in priſe,
Among the beſt and honeſt ſort,
And they that will miſlike of this,
I ſhall ſuſpect they ſtrike amiſſe.

Eternall then let be the fame
Of ſuch as hold a conſtant minde,
Eternall be the laſting ſhame,
Of ſuch as waue with euery winde:
Though ſome there be that will repine
Yet ſome will prayſe this wiſh of mine.

But here I ceaſe for feare of blame,
Although there be a great deale more,
That might be ſpoken of this dame,
That yet lies hid in ſecret ſtore:
If this be lik't then can I ſay,
Ye may ſee more another day.

Agitante caleſcimus illo.

FINIS. Farewell.

THE APOLOGIE, shewing the true meaning of *Willoby his Auisa.*

TO a newe Edition giue mee leaue, to adde a newe Instruction: for such, as I vnderstand, haue made of the other, a false and captious construction. If *Sapiens* come a *Sapore*, (as some will haue it, and that as the Taste iudgeth of meates, so wise men iudge of natures & intents; I maruaile that some men, so greatly affecting the name of wisedome, haue by rash iudgement, (the badge of follie) shewed themselues so much vnwise, and without sape. But I see that, as it happeneth in the distemperature of the bodie, so it often fareth in the disorders of the minde: for the bodie being oppressed with the venemous malice of some predominate humor, the seate of iudgement, which is the taste, is corrupted, and meates: which of their owne nature are holesome and sweete, seeme vnto the mouth (ill affected) both bitter, vnsauorie, and vnholesome: So the heart being possessed with a vaine of vanitie, or a spirite of preiudicate opinion, directeth iudge-

iudgement by the line of fancie, not of reason? and the bitternesse of his owne infected follie, marres the sweete taste of other mens simple and honest meaning. Therefore because some haue applied this Poeme, as they ought not; I am inforced to speake that which I thought not.

Many branches of errors, haue sprouted foorth from the roote of one fond and misconstrued conceite. The growing of such grafts, I hoped that I had sufficiently preuented in the Preface first printed with this booke. But this is the generall fault of all rash Readers, when they see a booke, they turne either to the middest, or the latter end or at all aduentures reaping that which at first opening they happen on, if that presently do not fit their fancie, they will sodainely pronounce a definitiue sentence of condemnation, both against the matter and the maker: as if by the inspiration of some Pithian Oracle, they were presently brought in possession of the whole sence, meaning, and intent of the Authour, hauing read neither the Preface, nor perchance sixe lines of the whole booke.

But most I maruaile that one P. C. (who seemeth to bee a Scholer) hath beene carried away with this stream of a misconceiued folly: For I dare pawne my life, that there is no particular woman in the world, that was eyther partie or priuie to anye one sentence or word in that booke. This Poeticall fiction was penned by the Author at least for thirty and fiue yeares sithence, (as it will be proued) & lay in wast papers in his studie, as many other prettie

things did, of his deuiſing, and to might haue continued ſtill (as his *Suſanna* yet doth) had not I, contrarie to his knowledge, with paine collected it; and (in conſideration of the good ende, to which it was directed, publiſhed it. Seeing therefore that I gaue the offence, I muſt ſatiſfie for it, in defending innocents from ſlaunderous tongues. This plaine Morall deuiſe was plotted onely for the repreſſion and opening of *Vice*, and to the exaltation and triumph of *Vertue*, as he himſelfe faith.

My ſleepie Muſe that wakes but now,
To Vertues praiſe hath paſt her vow.

Vertue therefore being *Genus*, & Chaſtitie *Species*, If he ſhould haue diſcribed it, either in *Genere*, or *Specie*, as ſome haue done, he might haue beene as obſcure as ſome others haue beene. He fayned therefore an Indiuiduum, as it were a particuler of this ſpeciall, the more familiarly to expreſſe it, as it were in common talke, as if two did anſwere one another, to delight the reader the more, with varietie of follie quenched preſently, with the like varietie of Vertue. To this fayned Indiuiduum, he gaue this fained name *Auiſa*. which poeticall fiction P. C. calleth a pamphlet. It is folly for a man to deſpiſe that which he cannot mend. The Author was vnknowen not becauſe he could not; but becauſe he would not knowe him: his true name being open in euerie Page. He ſaith: the Author hath regiſtred the meaneſt. I thought that Chaſtitie had not bene the meaneſt, but rather one of the greateſt giftes, that God giueth to men or women. If by the meaneſt, hee

meane

meane anye other obiect or ſubiect of *Vrillobie* his Muſe, then Chaſtitie it ſelfe, (vnder the fayned name of AVISA) it is a meaning of his owne making, and a ſubiect of his owne ſuggeſtion, far from the mind of the firſt maker. None can eternize their follie in things which they neuer thought of: but I pray God ſome other haue not eternized their follies, more waies then one. If this fained name of Avisa miſlike any man, for any hidden or priuate cauſe, to the Author or me vnknowen, let him call it what he will: So that he vnderſtand, that it is Chaſtitie it ſelfe, not any woman in the world, that is fained to giue theſe foyles to this foule vice.

Therefore whereas ſome in their grauitie diſpiſe it for the lightneſſe, and thinke it is but a fantaſticall toye, without any reach or ſecret ſence, I will not ſtriue to turne the courſe of that ſtreame. Yet if my fancie might be addmitted a Iudge in this matter, it would produce a ſentence of a far contrarie nature. For it ſeemeth rather to mee that the Author intending ſome rare exploit, endeuoured to deſcribe the doubtfull combat, that is dayly fought betweene Vice and Vertue, two princes of great power. And to that end he choſe out two of the moſt approued Captaines of both the Campes to trie the quarell. Out of the one he tooke *Luxuriam*, Lecherie, which as wee ſee, ſwayeth the minds of the greateſt men, and commaundeth largely. Out of the other, he oppoſeth *Caſtitatem*, Chaſtitie, a ſoldier rarely ſeene (in theſe daies) to reſiſt the enemies Puſh, and therefore in one of his verſes, is called A Phenix, or rare-

ſeene bird.

The ſoldiers which he drawes foorth, to fight vnder the banner of this Captaine Lecherie, are all eſtates and degrees, and all countries and commonwelthes: meaning, that no men, from the higheſt eſtate to the loweſt; no Countries, from the moſt ciuil to the moſt barbarous, are free from the ſeruile ſubiection of this raging principality: So that in this part, he deſcribeth the combats, the aſſaults, the intiſements, and allurememts, which Noblemen Gertlemen, and all other looſe and vnbridled mindes, can by money, wealth, pleaſure, force, fancie or any other patheticall paſſion, procure, or deuiſe, to raze the walles of beſieged Chaſtitie. Vnder whoſe banner hee ſendeth forth onely one poore woman, of a fayned name (minding to ſhew what the propertie of good women ſhould bee) to reſiſt ſo many, ſo mighty, ſo ſtrong, and ſubtill enemies fighting with ſuch forcible weapons of honor, authority, glorie, eaſe and pleaſure. Surely, he imagined, that in ſome women there was yet left ſo much Chaſtitie, as was able to reſiſt the lewd and deuiliſh temptations of al men what ſoeuer. And therefore, through the whole booke, he attributeth the victorie to vertue, and the foyle to follie.

And farther, where as in other bookes, there is found a bare deſcription onely, or naming of Vice or vertue, me thinkes in reading of this, my conceit tels me that in the perſon of this woman all the morall vertues, with one voice are heard pleading, and diſcourſing at large againſt vice, in a liuely action:

In

In whose wordes, (if they bee considered from the beginning to the end) we may see, how the spirit of God striueth against the spirit of Sathan, by reasons, by Scriptures, and by prophane Histories, to lay open the greatnesse, the foulnesse, the danger, and deceit of this deadly sinne, that rageth so hotly, in the vnmortified members of mortall men.

On the other side mee thinkes I see how the Deuill calling together all his companie, in hope of a conquest, tryes all wayes & assaies all means to effect his desire. But his labour is imagined here to be lost, and that there is some modestie, wisdome, honestie and feare of God remayning yet in some, women, sufficent at all times to ouercome him. Therefore whosoeuer accounteth this poeme, but a vaine fiction, cutteth the throat of all feminine faith, and robbeth all chaste Ladies of their chiefest honour.

Some others, being much addicted to that sweet bitter sinne of Leacherie, thinke their secrete practises of bauderie, to bee too plainely described, and therfore labour to haue it regestred for a meere toy. I will not, as a physitron assay, with Helleborus to purge their heads of those humors, least perhappes they be of the nature of the men of Abydus, who (as Aristotle reporteth) being mad, tooke such delight in their madnesse, that they were angrie with them, that brought them to their right wits.

Some others there be who, when they haue read this Booke, haue blushed to themselues, finding, as they thought, their very words and writings which they had vsed in the like attemptes. In which is to be

noted, the force of a guiltie conſcience, which feares where no feare is, and flyeth when no man followeth. Theſe fancies (forſooth) haue framed names to letters, of their owne deuiſes; and they haue imagined places of their owne placing, ſo fitly for euerie deſcription, that they will needs inforce the Author toſpeake of them, whome hee neuer knew; to ayme at their fancies, whoſe faces hee neuer ſaw; and to Cypher their names, whoſe natures to him were ignorant and ſtrange.

Laſtly; concerning the fayned name of AVISA, I haue ſhewed the Authors deuiſe, and his reaſon for the fiction, in the firſt Preface, which I thought would haue quailed all other fictions whatſoeuer. But yet if farder yee will haue my conceit, the order, words, and frame of the whole diſcourſe, force me to thinke that which I am vnwilling to ſay. That this name inſinuateth, that there was neuer ſuch a woman ſeene, as here is deſcribed. For the worde A'VISA is compounded, (after the Greeke maner) of the priuatiue particle *A*, which ſignifieth *Non*: and of the particle *Viſus, Viſa, Viſum*, which ſignifieth, Seene: So that *A'uiſa*, ſhould ſignifie (by this as much as *Non viſa*, that is: Such a woman as was neuer ſeene. Which if it be true, the *Auiſa* is yet vnborne, that muſt reioyce in this praiſe. The Author in this booke compareth this vertue of Chaſtitie vnto a Bird, as is ſeene in his introduction, ſaying: *Of vertues Bird*, my muſe muſt ſing.

For as the Birde by his winges mounteth in the aire vpwards to heauen: So Chaſtitie, where euer it

is

Is, makes the minde to mount from the base & filthy societie of earthly conceites, and fittes it to flie vp to God, in heauenly meditations; whereas lust and wicked pleasures, chaine the minde in thraldome of fleshly concupiscence, as Prometheus was tyed to the hill Caucasus) which wil not suffer the thoughts to ascend by any meanes, The same Hieroglificall alusion they ment, that pictured S. Iohn with a Birde sitting by him, to signifie, that of all the foure Euangelistes, hee in his Gospell flew highest, and spake most of the Deitie of Christ. Now therefore the latine word of a Birde being *Auis*, and the author (perchance) alluding vnto that, did the rather call, his victorious mounting victory of Vertue, by the name of *Auisa*, as alluding to his owne allusion, If any man therefore by this, should take occasion to surmise, that the Author ment to note any woman, whose name soundes something like that name, it is too childish and too absurd, and not beseeming any deepe iudgement, considering there are many thinges, which cannot be applyed to any woman.

But to conclude, thus much I dare precisely auouch, that the Author intended in this discourse, neyther the description nor prayse of any particular woman, Nor the naming or cyphering of any particular man, But in generall vnder a fained name insinuateth what godly & constant women should doe, and say in such lewde temptations, And also, vnder fained letters, generally expresseth, what course most of these lawlesse suters take, in pursuit of their fancied fooleries, and therefore this P. C.

hath offered manifeſt iniurie to ſome, what euer they bee. whome his priuate fancie hath ſecretly framed in conceit.

This is the leaſt that I could ſay, and the laſt that euer I will ſay touching this matter, in defēce of my friend. If any not withſtanding will continue the error of their vnſatiſfied minds they muſt for euer reſte in the rightleſſe erring, till the Author, (now of late gone to God) returne from heaue n to ſatiſfie them farder touching his meaning.

And ſo farewell. Oxford, this 30. of Iune. 1596.

Thine to vſe,

Hadrian Dorrell.

The victorie of English Chastitie, vnder the fained name of Avisa.

For beauties Ball, *in* Ida-Vale,
Three Nymphes at once, did once contend,
The Princely Shepheard *of the* Dale,
By iudgement did the quarrell end:
That Paris *might faire* Hellen *haue,*
The Golden Price *to* Venus *gaue.*

In Sea-bred *soyle, on* Tempe *downes,*
Whose siluer spring, from Neptunes *well,*
With mirth salutes the neighbour townes,
A *hot* Contention *lately fell:*
Twise two sweete Graces, *vrge the strife,*
Of two which was the Constant'st *wife.*

Faire Venus *vaunts* Penelops *fame,*
From Greece, from listes of Lauin Land,
Proud Iuno *stoutly doth the same,*
Whose prayse in princely wealth doth stand:
They both condemne Diana's *choyce,*
That to Auisa *gaue her voyce.*

Then came the pale Athenian Muse,
Whose learned wisedome past them all,
She with Diana *did refuse,*
The Grecians *prayse: though* Iuno *call,*
Chaste Wit *to* Wealth *here will not yeeld:*
Nor yet to strangers leaue the field.

Contention. A Nobie man of Greece, not farre from Helicon.

Whil'ſt Eris *flaſht, theſe fretting flames,*
A Noble Prince *in* Roſie *borne,*
Rogero, *right to* Angry *dames,*
His flying ſteed, and pace did turne,
Which done, they all did ſtraight agree,
That this Rogero, *Iudge ſhould be.*

On flowrie bancks, this Councell plaſt,
From iealous Iuno's *enuious eyes,*
Long ſmothered hate, flames forth at laſt,
In furious ſmoakes of angrie cries:
As though ſhe had the Garland wan,
With ſcoffing tearmes, ſhe thus began.

The Oration of Iuno, againſt Engliſh Chaſtity, vnder the name of Auiſa.

„*Step Grecian trompes, ceaſe Romane prayſe,*
„*Shut vp with ſhame, your famous dames,*
„*Sith we our ſelues* Baſe Britans *rayſe*
„*To ouer-top their chiefeſt fames:*
„ *With* Noble *faith what madneſſe dare,*
„ *Such* Nouell *gueſtes and faith compare?*

„Penelope *muſt now contend,*
„*For chaſte renowne: whoſe conſtant hart,*
„*Both Greekes and Latines all commend*
„*With poore* Auiſa *new vpſtart;*
„ *I ſcorne to ſpeake much in this caſe,*
„ *Her prayſes* Riuall *is ſo baſe.*

„Penelope *ſprang from Noble houſe,*
„*By Noble match, twiſe Noble made,*
„Auiſa, *both by Syre and ſpouſe,*
„*Was linckt to men of meaneſt trade:*
„ *What furie forc't* Diana's *wit,*
„ *To match theſe two ſo farre vnfit?*

The Grecian dame of princely peeres,
Twise fiftie flatly did denie:
Twise ten yeares long in doubtfull feares,
Could new Auisa so reply?
And she that is so stout and strong,
Could she haue staid but halfe so long.

Fie, leaue for shame, thus to commend,
So base a Britaine, shall I speake?
I thinke these Muses did intend,
To blow a glasse that should not breake,
Here Venus smilde, and Iuno staid,
Iudge now (quod she) for I haue said.

When Pallas heard this rusling rage,
These coy iestes, this false surmise:
She pawsde which way she might asswage,
The flame that thus began to rise,
With setled grace and modest eye,
Thus did she frame her milde reply.

Thou princely Iudge here maist thou see,
What force in Error doth remaine,
In Envious Pride what fruites here be,
To writh the pathes, that lie so plaine:
A double darknes drownes the mind,
Whome selfe will makes so wilfull blind.

The reply of Pallas against Iuno in defence of Auisa.

Can Britaine breed no Phenix bird,
No constant feme, in English field,
To Greece, to Rome, is there no third,
Hath Albion none that will not yeeld,
If t' is affirme you will not dare,
Then let me Faith with Faith compare.

Willoby described no particular woman, but onely Chastity & faith in it selfe vnder the name of Auisa,

Let choice respect of Persons *slide,*
Let Faith and Faith *a while contend,*
Vrge not the Names *till cause be tride,*
'Tis onely Faith, *that we commend,*
We striue not for Auisa's *fame,*
We recke not of Auisa's *name.*

To proue him vaine, that vainely striues,
That Chastitie is no where found,
In English earth, in British wines,
That all are fickle, all vnsound,
We framde a wench, we faind a name,
That should confound them all with shame.

To this at first you did consent,
And lent with ioy your helping hand,
You both at first were well content,
This fained frame should firmely stand,
We to Diana *gaue the maide,*
That she might no way be betraid.

Chastity is termed Auisa, *quasi Non Visa, aut ab Aue altiVolante*

The mounting Phenix, *chast desire,*
This Vertue *fram'd, to conquere* Vice,
This Not-seene Nimph, *this heateles fire,*
This Chaste-found Bird, *of Noble price,*
Was namde Auila *by decree,*
That Name and nature *might agree.*

If this Auisa *represent,*
Chaste vertue *in a fained* name,
If Chastity *it selfe be ment,*
To be extolde with lasting fame:
Her Grekish gemme can Iuno dare,
With his Auisa *to compare.*

Let

Let wise Vlisses constant mate,
Vaunt noble birth her richest boast,
Yet will her challenge come too late,
When Pride and wealth haue done their most,
For this Auisa from aboue,
Came downe whose Sire is mighty Ioue.

How can ye terme her then Obscure,
That shines so bright in euery eye?
How is she base that can endure,
So long, so much and mounts so hie,
If she you meane, haue no such power,
Tis your Auisa, none of our.

This not seene bird, though rarely found,
In proud attire, in gorgeous gownes,
Though she loue most the countrie ground,
And shunnes the great and wealthy townes,
Yet if you know a bird so base,
In this Deuise she hath no place.

Was Greekish dame twise ten yeares chast,
Did she twise fiftie flat denie?
Auisa hath Ten thousand past,
To thousands dayly doth replie,
If your Auisa haue a blot,
Your owne it is we know her not.

Some greatly doubt your Grecian dame
Where all be true that Poets faine:
But Chastity who can for shame,
Denie she hat hand will remaine,
Though women daily do relent,
Yet this Auisa cannot faint.

Chastity is the gift of God.

True Chastity is sooner & oftner found in the pooreſt then in the richeſt.

Chastity is dayly assaleted a thousand wayes yet it still getteth the victorie.

The effects of true Chastitie.

„ She quels by Reason filthy lust,
„ She chokes by Wisedome lewde Desires,
„ She shunnes the baite that Fondlings trust,
„ From Sathans sleights she quite retires,
„ Then let Auisa's prayse be spread,
„ When rich and poore, when all are dead.

„ Let idle vaine and Flewent sligges,
„ Be Canton'de with eternall shame,
„ Let blowing buddes of blessed twigges,
„ Let Chast Auisa liue with fame:
„ This said Sweet Pallas takes her rest,
„ Iudge Prince (quod she) what you think best.

The sentence of Rogero: against Iuno.

But wise Rogero pausing staid,
Whose silence seem'd to shew some dout,
Yet this at last he grauely said,
Ye Nimphes that are so faire, so stout,
Sith I your Iudge to Iudge must be,
Accept in worth, this short decree.

„ The question is, where Grecian Ghost,
„ Can staine the stemme of Troian rase?
„ Where Ithac Nimphes may onely boast,
„ And Brittish Faith account as base,
„ Where old Penelops doubtfull fame,
„ Selfe Chastity may put to shame?

„ I count Vlisses happie Then,
„ I deeme our selues as happie Now,
„ His wife denide all other men,
„ I know them yet that will not bow,
„ For Chastity I durst compare,
„ With Greece, with Rome, with who that dare.

Our English earth, such Angels *breeds,*
As can distaine all Forraine *prayse,*
For Learning, Wit, *for* Sober Deedes,
All Europe Dames *may learne their wayes:*
Sith I of both may take my choyce,
Our Not-seene Bird *shall haue my voyce.*

Sweete Ghastitie *shall haue my hand,*
In England found, though rarely seene,
Rare Chastitie, *To this I stand,*
Is still as firme, as erst hath beene:
While this Auila *is the she,*
This Chast desire, *shall* Victor *be.*

The Rose *appeares in* Venus *face,*
Vermillion dies pale Iuno's *cheekes,*
They both do blush at this disgrace,
But Iuno *chiefe, some thing mislikes,*
As though she felt some inward touch,
That for her Greeke *had spoke so much:*

FINIS.

Thomas Willobie *Frater*
Henrici Willobie *nuper defuncti.*

" England for
" Chastitie may
" yet compare
" with any coun
" try in the world
"
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Conclusion.

The reſolution of a Chaſt and *a Conſtant wife.*

THough winged birds do often ſcorne the lure,
And flying farre, do thinke themſelues moſt ſure,
Yet fancie ſo his luring ingines frame,
That wildeſt harrs in time become moſt tame.

Where ſecret nature frames a ſweet conſent,
Where Priuie fates their hidden force haue bent,
To ioyne in heart, the bodies that are twaine,
Flie wher you liſt, you ſhall returne againe.

From fancies lore, I ſtriued ſtill to flie,
Long time I did my fortune flat denie,
Till at the length, my wreſtling bred my woe,
Knowing that none, their fortune can forgoe.

For while I liu'de in prime of vernant youth,
Falſhoode that ſhew'd the face of fained truth,
Falſely gan weaue a webbe of wylie kinde,
So to intrap my plaine and ſimple mind.

Great were the ſutes, great were the friendly ſignes,
Sweet were the words, to poyſon tender minds,
Large were the gifts, great were the proffers made,
To force my mind to trie a truſtleſſe trade.

Great were the wights, that dayly did conſpire,
To plucke the roſe, their fancies did deſire,
Traile did the teares, in hope to purchaſe truſt,
Yet this was all 'no loue but luring luſt.

No fancie could then force me to reply,
Nor moue my mind ſuch doubtfull deeds to trie:
For well I know, although I knew not all,
Such trickle trades procure a ſudden fall.

Thus did I mount, thus did I flie at will,
Thus did I scape the foulers painted skill,
Thus did I saue, my feathers from their lime,
Thus did I liue, a long and happie time.

Cupid that great, and mightie Kings could moue,
Could neuer frame my heart to like of loue,
His limber shafts, and eke his golden dart,
Were still too blunt, to pearce my steely hart.

Till at the length, as nature had assignd,
Vnto the earth, I bent a willing mind:
He was the first, to whom I gaue my hand,
With free consent, to liue in holy band.

Eua that gaue her faithfull promise so,
With Adam to liue in wealth and in woe,
Of faithfull hart, could neuer haue more store,
Then I haue felt, thrise three yeares space and mor

When I had giu'n my heart and free consent,
No earthly thing could make me once repent,
No seas of griefe, ne cares that I could find,
Could so preuaile, to make me change my mind.

Did fortune fawne, or did our fortune frowne,
Did he exalt, or did he cast him downe,
My faithfull heart did euer make me sing,
Welcome to me, what euer fortune bring.

Now when I thought, all dangers had beene past,
Of lawlesse sutes, and sutors at the last,
The trade, the time, the place wherein I liue,
Vnto this Lampe, new oyle do dayly giue.

But like of this ally out hat loue to range,

My fixed heart likes not the skittiſh change,
Now haue I made the choyce that ſhall remaine,
Vengeance befall, when I do change againe.

Now haue I found a friend of high deſart,
I haue his loue, and he hath ſtolne my heart,
Now fortune packe with all thy pelting ſtore,
This is my choiſe, I like to chuſe no more.

Ceaſe then your ſutes, ye luſtie gallants all
Thinke not I ſtoupe at euery Faulkners call,
Truſſe vp your lures, your luring is in vaine,
Choſen is the Pearch, whereon I will remaine,

Spend not your breath in needleſſe fained talkes,
Seeke other mates, that loue ſuch rouing walkes,
None ſhall euer vaunt, that they haue my conſent,
Then let me reſt, for now I am content.

Great be your birth, and greater be your wealth,
I reeken more my credit and my health,
Though I be weake, my power very ſcant,
God ſo prouides, that I ſhall neuer want.

Be mine owne at home, or be he abſent long,
Abſent or preſent, this ſtill ſhall be my ſong,
Fortune my friend, a friend to me hath lent,
This is my choyſe, and therewith am content.

Range they that liſt, and change who euer will,
One hath mine oth, and his I will be ſtill,
Now let vs fall, or let vs riſe on hie,
Still will I ſing, now well content am I.

The praise of a contented mind.

THe God that framde the fixed Pole,
And Lampes of gleaming light,
The azure skies, & twinkling stars,
To yeeld this pleasant sight.
In wisedome pight this peereleſſe plot,
A rare surpaſſing frame,
And so with braue and sweet delights,
Haue fraught and deckt the same,
That euerie creature keepes his course,
His compaſſe and his place,
And with delightfull ioyes runnes,
His pointed time and race,
In one consent they friendly ioyne,
from which they cannot fall,
As if the Lord had first ordaind,
One soule to guide them all,
In euerie part there doth remaine,
Such loue and free consent,
That euerie frame doth kisse his lot,
And cries I am content.
The Articke Pole that neuer moues,
By which the shipmen sayle,
Craues not to change his frozen Axe,
Nor from his place to steale,
The fixed Starres, that seldome range,
Delight their circles so,
That from their choice by wanton change,
They neuer yeeld to go.

The Sunne and Moone that neuer hide,
Their braue reſplendent rayes,
Did neuer wiſh in wauering will,
To change their wonted wayes.
The roaring Sea, with ebbes and tides,
That leapes againſt the land,
Is yet content for all his rage,
To ſtay with in his band.
The floting Fiſh, the ſinging Bird,
All beaſtes with one conſent,
To liue according to their kind,
Do ſhew themſelues content.
So that by practiſe and by proofe,
This ſentence true I find,
That nothing in this earth is like,
A ſweet contented mind.
The beaſtes, the Birds, and ayrie powers,
Do keepe their compaſſe well,
And onely man a boue the reſt,
Doth loue for to rebell.
This onely man the Lord a boue,
with reaſon did indue,
Yet onely man, vngratefull man,
Doth ſhew himſelfe vntrue.
No ſooner was braue Adam made,
But Sathan wrought his thrall,
For not content, aſpiring pride,
procurde his ſudden fall.
The princely Primroſe of the *Eaſt*,
Proud Eua gaue conſent,
To change her bliſſe to bale, for that
Her mind was not content.

Thus may the darkeſt eye perceiue,
How follie ſtrikes vs blind,
Thus may we ſee the often change,
Of mans vnconſtant mind.
The Moone, the Sea, by natures courſe,
Do not ſo often change,
As do the wits and wanton wills,
Of ſuch as loue to range,
The wrangling range that held from home
Vliſſes all too long.
Made chaſte Penelope complaine,
of him that did her wrong.
The lothſome dayes, and lingring nights,
Her time in ſpinning ſpent:
She would not yeeld to change her choiſe'
Becauſe ſhe was content.
Such calme content doth plainely ſhew,
That loue did much abound,
Where free conſent breeds not content,
Such faith is ſeldome found.
For careleſſe Cryſid that had gin,
Her hand, her faith and hart,
To Troylus her truſtie friend,
Yet falſely did depart:
And giglot like from Troy towne,
To Grecians campe would go,
To Diomede, whom in the end'
She found a faithleſſe foe,
For hauing ſliu'd the gentle ſlip,
His loue was turnd to hate.
And ſhe a leaper did lament,
But then it was too late.

Now

Now fooliſh fancie was the cauſe,
This Criſid did lament,
For when ſhe had a faithfull friend,
She could not be content.
Ten thouſand fell at Troyes ſiege,
Whoſe bloud had not beene ſpent,
If fickle headded Hellen could,
At firſt haue beene content.
You cant not in the Serpents head,
Such deadly poyſon find,
As is the fained loue that liues,
With diſcontented mind
Of all the wiſdome of the wiſe,
That I could euer tell,
This wiſedome beares the chiefeſt ſway,
To ſtay when we be well.
As ſweeteſt Muſicke rudely iarres,
Except there be conſent:
So hotteſt loue doth quickly coole,
Except it be content.
Of all the braue reſounding words,
Which God to man hath lent,
This ſoundeth ſweeteſt in mine eare,
To ſay, *Iam Content.*

Euer or neuer.

FINIS.